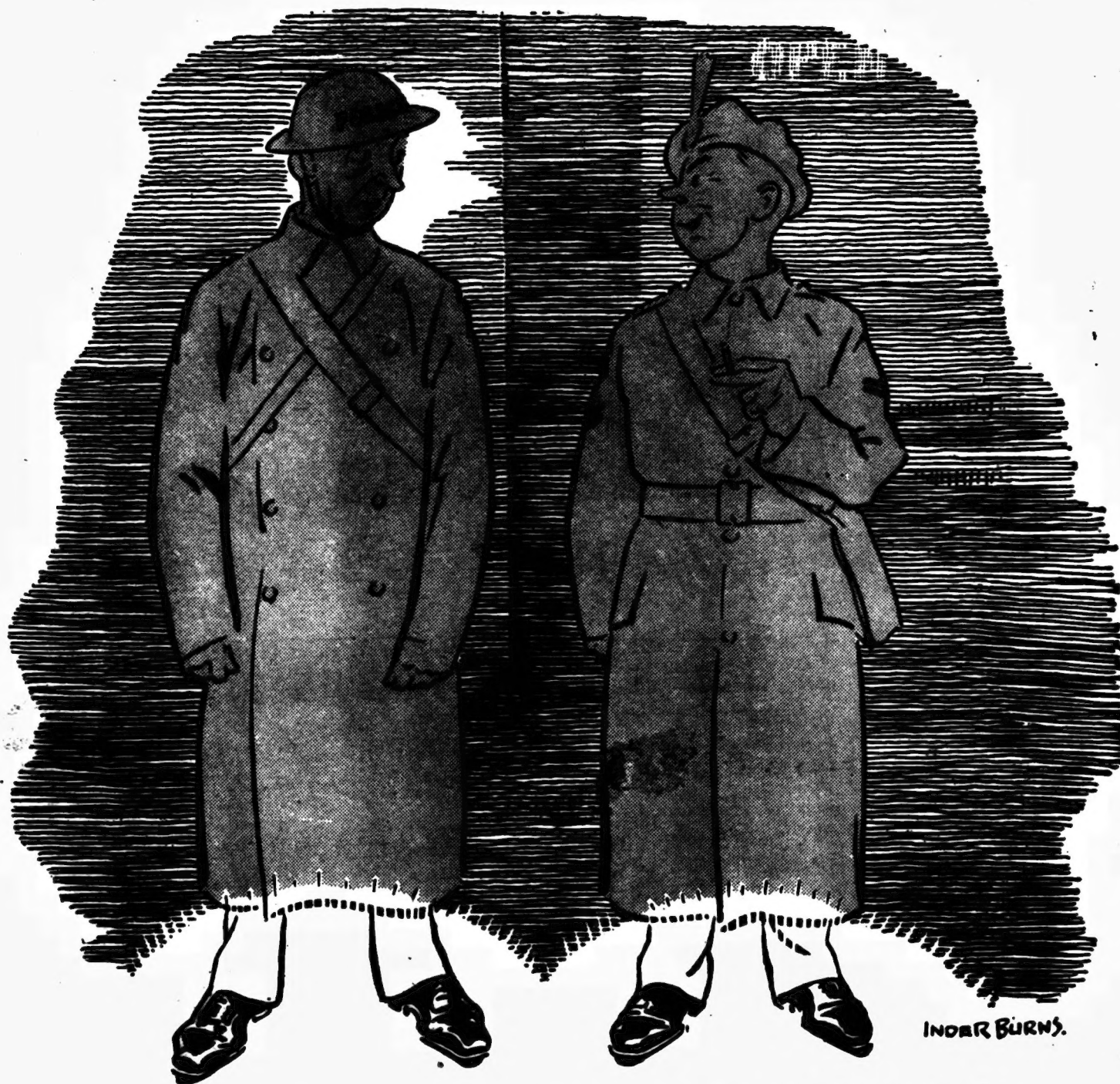


JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE



SPECIAL CONSTABLE: "Last time I was in the Black Watch—this time I'm in the Black-Out. But keep bright is my motter."

SOLDIER: "I suppose that's why you always use—

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish!

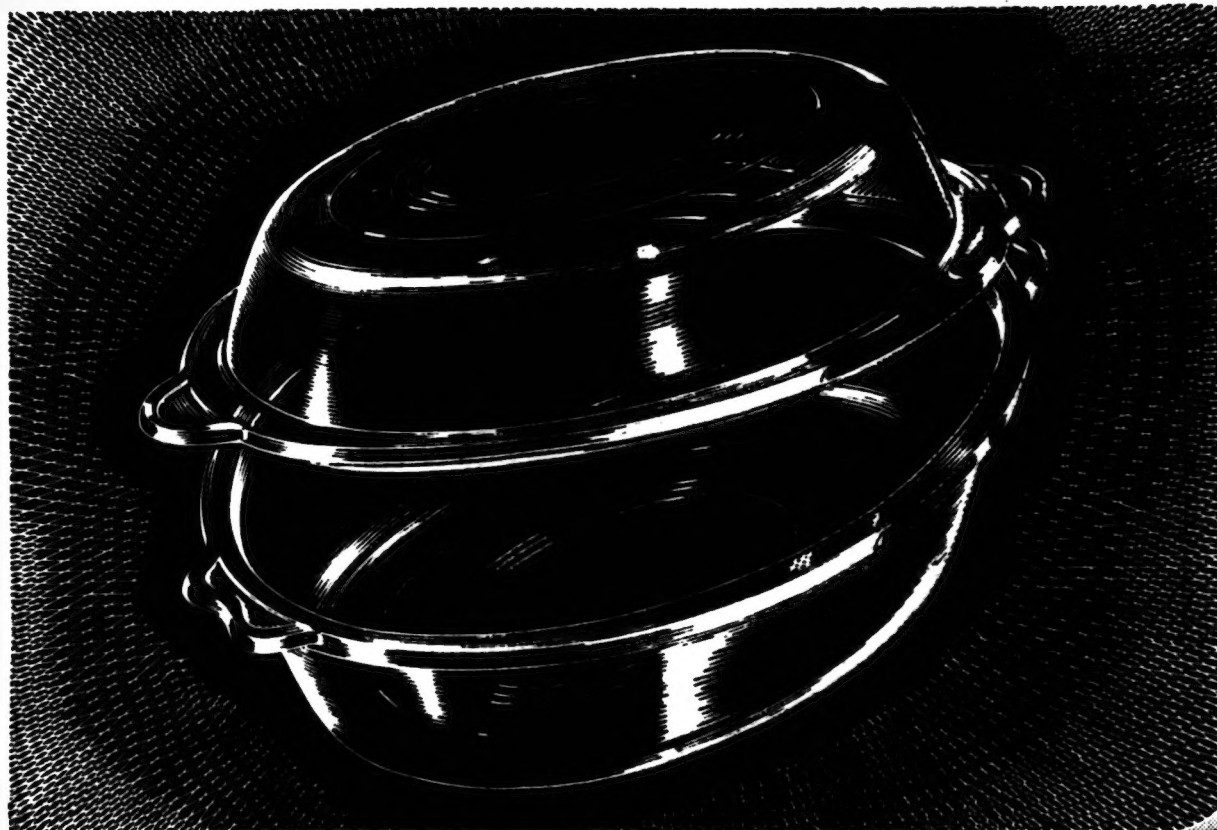
In Black, Tonette, Dark
Tan Stain, etc. Tins 1½d.,
2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

It's the quickest and easiest way to keep
boots smart, comfortable and waterproof.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

CH/2/19

This Superb Phoenix Glass Ovenware Casserole



FREE

A Lovely
Dish for
the Table,
too!...

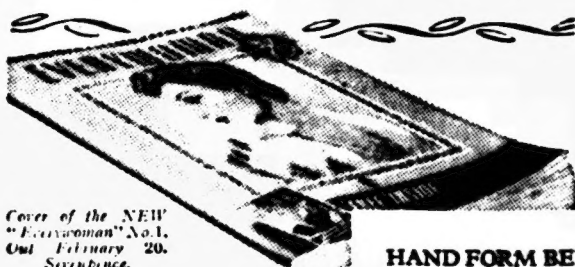


Here is a re-
duced illus-
tration of
this lovely
Casserole.
Actual size,
9 1/2 in. by
5 1/2 in. by
3 1/2 in.

... to introduce No. 1 of the NEW

Women! HERE'S WONDERFUL NEWS FOR YOU! Two exciting events! A beautiful Gift for your home—Free!—to introduce to you this joyous, new-style, monthly magazine—"EVERY-WOMAN," No. 1, out on Tuesday, February 20. Here, at last, is a thrilling breakaway in feminine journalism. No woman can afford to miss it! For "EVERYWOMAN" is the most stimulating magazine that has yet been published for women—NINETY-SIX pages sparkling with really up-to-date ideas... a revolution in magazine values... a glowing, all-photogravure art production—vitality modern, daringly different in its approach to women's pleasures, dress, beauty and personal affairs—everything—and only sevenpence!

EVERYWOMAN



Cover of the NEW
"EVERYWOMAN" No. 1,
Out February 20,
Sevenpence.

And now about the Gift! which "EVERY-WOMAN" invites you to accept to introduce this magnificent colour-illustrated magazine. It is a superb Glass Ovenware Casserole made of guaranteed genuine Gleaming All-British "Phoenix" Glass—Free for you. Post the Reservation Form below at once!

This Casserole is beautifully designed, with a flawless hygienic crystal-clear surface. It measures 9 1/2 in. long, 5 1/2 in. wide and 3 1/2 in. deep—the lower dish holds 1 pint. It carries a written guarantee against oven breakage for twelve months and is good for a lifetime of service. You can braise, stew, roast or bake in it—use it for every type of meal—serve the food in it straight from oven to table—actually see your food cooking without lifting the lid.

All you are asked to do to secure this Free Casserole is, as a new reader, to give "EVERYWOMAN" a fair trial, commencing with No. 1, on sale Tuesday, February 20, and follow the simple directions below.

DO THIS NOW Post Reservation Form and Label at once. On receipt of Forms you will be sent your Gift Voucher entitling you to qualify for your Casserole.

TO QUALIFY you are, as a new reader, asked to return Voucher with Four Tokens cut from four consecutive issues of "EVERYWOMAN." (A Token from No. 1 and a Token from each of the next three issues.) Tokens eligible are the Series "P," and will be found in the right-hand bottom corner inside the back cover of "EVERYWOMAN." You commence to qualify with No. "P.1" which appears in the No. 1 "EVERYWOMAN" on sale Tuesday, February 20.

Together with your completed Voucher and Tokens you are also asked to send in the nominal sum of only 1s. 3d. (one shilling and threepence), which includes insurance against breakage in transit, special packing in Oven Glass container, and carriage right to your home, etc. **YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW.**

That is all. There is nothing more to pay or do, except to see that your newsgent holds a written order for the regular supply of "EVERYWOMAN." **THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT** and must be done at once. Although this announcement is published in advance of February 20, the day No. 1 of the NEW "EVERYWOMAN" is on sale, you MUST place the Order Form on left below with your newsgent AT ONCE—so that he can order your copy of "EVERYWOMAN" for you. Please be sure to give the Order Form on left below to your newsgent now, and at the same time post your Reservation Forms AT ONCE.

Post Forms Below at once!

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL

HAND FORM BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT. IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this offer that the Form below is handed to your newsgent at once. This is also absolutely essential owing to war time publishing restrictions—your newsgent MUST have an order from you.

CUT HERE

EVERYWOMAN 7d. MONTHLY ORDER FORM

To
(Name of Newsgent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve a copy of "Every-
woman" for me monthly until further notice.

Signal me

Address

Date
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM "PHOENIX" GLASS OVENWARE CASSEROLE FREE

Applications will be treated in strict rotation
RESERVATION FORM

Address envelope to "Everywoman" at station, and post to:
"EVERYWOMAN" CHANNELS DEPT. J.Y.I.,
8 ABBEY STREET, LONDON, W.1.

In accordance with your special offer, please enter my name for a free "Phoenix" Glass Ovenware Casserole, and send me my Official Gift Voucher on which to qualify. I undertake to give the NEW "Everywoman" a fair trial for four issues. I have already placed an order with my Newsgent for the regular supply of copies of "Everywoman," and give his name and address

Signature

With
clearly in
BLOCK
LETTERS
NEWSPAPER'S
NAME

ADDRESS

Date

This scheme applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. "John Bull" 10/12/40

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form and Label may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be Affixed here by YOU

NAME

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

Checked :
District Supervisor.

J.Y.I.

☆ **INSIDE** every copy of No. 1 of "EVERY-WOMAN" is a Free "Dress Yourself" Guide—a fascinating, separate booklet that opens out and reveals many secrets of successful dressmaking, embroidery, knitting. And here's just a glimpse of the wonderful contents! First a FIVE-page Fashion Parade. Next comes Lyn Arnold's new love serial "Joy As It Flies," and THREE delightful long complete stories. Then a great economy PATTERN OFFER and lovely new Spring creations. There is a FULL-COLOUR Spring Furnishing Scheme and tested war time economy dishes. Enthralling articles—"The Bride Comes Home!" "Three Men and a Girl," and practical hints on Beauty, Hair Styles and Hats. Make sure of your copy of No. 1 of this unique new journal, hand your newsgent the Order Form on the right TO-DAY.

AIR Force.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.: our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.28, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ZEE-KOL Almond Oil Toilet Soap creates beauty and preserves beauty. Containing Almond Oil, it is costly. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a marvellous tonic to the skin. Now only 4d a large tablet and well worth it.

DUTY-FREE Cigarettes and Tobacco for H.M. Forces in France! Send him a "Ten Bob" pack of Standard Brands' Wills' Gold Flake, Player's, Cambridge or Friar's. Weights. For Tobacco, too, include St. Brander's Waverley, Player's Navy Cut or Wills' Cut Golden Bar. On a parcel of both cigarettes and tobacco, Parcels can be sent through all the usual consignees, or for further particulars relating to full details, brands and prices write to British-American Tobacco, Ltd., 100, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Tel. 250. Dept. D. 251. 51, Strand, London, S.W. 1. Remittance in full must accompany all orders.

CARPET BARGAINS

This phenomenal offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 8/-, cash, 1/- p.p., we will forward direct from our London one of our "Practical" Brussels REASONABLE WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hand-dyed, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our London, saving the purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargain. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders.

With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Bag to match. **SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Bags and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. P. HODGSON & SONS (J.L.), Woodley Road, Leeds.**

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE
A SPECIAL GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 18

BROOM

The specialist with over one million satisfied pupils OFFERS:

JOCK STRAP AND SUPPORTER BELT
gives comfort and prevents strain, everyday wear for everyone.
Standard Model 2/6. De Luxe 3/6. Super De Luxe 4/6.

WAIST REDUCER AND SUPPORT
gives New Life and Radiant Health, prevents strain to the Vital organs. **ONE YEAR'S GUARANTEE, 8/-.** State exact waist measurement when ordering.
H. BROOM, Broom Hall, Holderness Road, Hull.
The World's Premier Physical Culture Expert.

PIANO ACCORDIONS

BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

Donati, Stoll, Victoria, Pavesi, Hohner, Grunewald, Paoli Soprano, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful bargain. **44/- VALUE for 48/-.** Piano Finished Cabinet. "Stoll" Metal-banded Bellows, Triple Chord Action; 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses; Complete with Shoulder Strap. Send only 3/- Deposit for 7 Days' Trial. If satisfactory you pay Balance by Monthly Payments of 4/- until 48/- is paid. Full Cash after Approval, 48/- only. Elaborate Tutors. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 55/-, same terms, other models 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 35 Keys, 24 Bass; 24 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, all on Easy Terms. Write for fully illustrated List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments post free.

J. A. DAVIS & CO.
(Dept. J.B.71)
94-104, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, E.C.5.

GRAVES

Sells the World For Quality & Value

"Valve" 4-Valve Battery 3-Valve Battery. Superior gives full range of reception from Medium, Longwave stations. Powerful, highly selective. Full size Walnut cabinet with all accessories. Batteries, Valves, Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Price 47.10.0 or 10/6 monthly. No extra for Easy Terms. We offer enormous price for old sets.

Catalogue A.C. Mains and Battery Models. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Southville.

10/6

Women Admire Men of Vigour. Get Pep

Feel Young at 40, 50, 60, 70

Pep men are popular at any age. Take Oystrox. Contains raw oyster elements and other vitalizers. A 72-year-old DOCTOR writes: "I took it myself. Feel 30 years younger." First dose starts new life, vital force, youth. For both sexes. Send P.O. for only 1/6. Introductory price. Bottle 2/6. Oystrox Brand Tablets, sent privately, post free. If not satisfied with introduction, the lot will be returned.

OYSTROX, LTD., Dept. J.B., 20, Tooks Court, Gutter St., London, E.C.4.

1 WAY BEDCHAIR

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fire-side Seat

21/-

49 in. long when extended, 23 1/2 in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home. 2/- Eng. Scot. and Wales.

NORTH DUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.
82, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

do you want MORE MONEY?

Of course you do! And quite right, too! More money for clothes, for holidays, for the home, for pleasures, and to put aside for a "rainy day"—and here's an easy way to get it. Fill in your name and address and post the coupon for full particulars of how you can make at least £2—and up to £5 and more in a very pleasant way which takes only a few minutes' spare time each week.

It's simple, it's easy, it's enjoyable, and, above all, it's profitable.

Thousands of "Worldwide" Club Organisers are making extra money at this happiest of hobbies. No selling or canvassing to do, no samples to carry, and everything you require is provided free

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY!

To **WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES,** Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money For You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M. (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address

J.B.43 Send in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp only required.

FIRELIGHTER WITHOUT WOOD OR PAPER

PENN'S INSTANT FIRELIGHTER instantly lights coal or coke fire. No wood or paper required. Can be used indefinitely. This British-made FIRELIGHTER is a great labour-saver and is wanted in every home. Does not burn away. Always ready. No mess. Quick and economical. Saves relaying fires. Can be lit thousands of times with a match. Excellent also for reviving a dead fire and for burning garden rubbish. Send NOW. P.O. or Stamps 2/6 to **WM. PENN, LTD. (Dept. F.J.B.), 1023, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.**

GET RID OF YOUR BLACKOUT DEPRESSION

BRAINFAG, 'NERVES', ETC. TRY THIS FREE!

This scientifically balanced formula contains eight concentrated tonics to nourish and rejuvenate your nervous system. It makes you brighter in an hour and a new man or woman in two days! Without equal for Brain Fog, Depression, Neurasthenia, Lost Vitality, Head Pains, etc. Take advantage of my Free Bonus Trial Offer. For a limited period only we will send to readers of this paper TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement asking for SHADPHOS Brand Tonic Tablets to: **Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.47), 48, King William Street, London, E.C.4.**

RETAILERS

The War has made shopping and travelling difficult, and THOUSANDS OF ORDERS are sent through the post daily. Do you have your share of this EXTRA BUSINESS, or are your activities confined to local requirements only?

By advertising in "JOHN BULL'S" FAMOUS SHOP WINDOW your business can be extended Country wide and enable you to reach out for trade on a NATIONAL SCALE. Why not make "JOHN BULL" your most active Salesman among the MILLIONS who read the announcements every week?

For particulars and rates write on business letter heading to: **JOHN BULL'S, 12 Essex & Sales Development Dept., JOHN BULL'S, Room 29, 27/28, Long Ave., London, W.22.**

HEATER

For 10 x 8 Greenhouse **10/6**

POST FREE. Send Cash with order. Satisfaction or refund. 100% Safe

STEADY HEAT

(Not Just 'Warmth') BURNS 4 DAYS AT FULL HEAT on 1 Gal. Paraffin. Strongly made, best British Steel, all welded and painted, rated easy-500 cap; clear mica window; easy control, Burn chimney. **FURNISHES!** (Don't risk old Heater!) Ideal for Bedroom, Cellar, Aviary, Outside Lav., etc. LIST FREE! 12 x 8 Greenhouse size 14/6 14 x 8 21. 5,000 sold this season. Write A.F.P. regulations.

SEND NOW! Buy before prices rise. STOCKPORT DISTRIBUTING CO. (Dept. J.B.), Marney Street, Farnworth, STOCKPORT.

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table

8/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from today's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types.

E. J. RILEY Ltd.
ANDERSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 12, 66/67, Renshaw St., London, E.C.1

DEAF

NATIONAL SAFETY

It is essential for the safety of all concerned to hear all signals correctly. Don't run against time. Our new Silver Deaf Ear model non-hearing earpiece is now offered to you at the specially reduced price, viz., 25/-. Thousands are already helped by this amazing little aid that requires no battery, no wires, no unsightly, and is quite invisible. You can try it now FREE.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. HILL, Ltd. (Dept. B.11), 240, Oxford Street, London, W.1. (Over Oxford Street Tube Station.) (Close 10 to 6, Sun. 10 to 1) Supplied under National Health Board.

GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS 6/3

An exceptional offer of genuine London Busmen's Navy Blue serge trousers. Very slightly worn. In first-class condition. Thoroughly cleaned and pressed. Pairs strongly worn and retained. New waist fitting. Men requiring trousers for exceptional hard wear and service will find these garments unsuitable. All sizes to suit. Write for details and free advice from **WILLSON BROS. (Dept. A), Upper High St., Epsom, Surrey.** Government Contractors.

THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY!

Ambitious Readers—Don't overlook this offer.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, get full details and free advice from **Mr. Bennett (Governor, Director of the famous Bennett College, Sheffield).** It may make a wonderful difference to your future! Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on application to **Mr. J. M. Bennett, Dept. 29, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.**

SKIN DISEASE**so bad he
COULD NOT
SHAVE****Now Completely Cured**

"I had an awful skin disease all over my face," writes Mr. F. E. Chaney, of Hordfold, Bristol. "I could not shave for weeks. It was really terrible. A friend told me to use D.D.D. Prescription and now my face is cured. I am so delighted with the result I feel I must write and say how grateful I am for your wonderful D.D.D. Prescription."

D.D.D. Brand Prescription is a clear, anti-septic liquid, invaluable in cases of barber's itch, eczema, dermatitis, psoriasis, bad legs, ulcers, boils and all other skin troubles. For cases of emergency D.D.D. Prescription provides an ideal antiseptic for cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, etc. Keep a bottle always in the home first-aid outfit. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 1/3 per bottle.

FREE A trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Prescription will be forwarded to all who send name and address on a postcard (1d. stamp) to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N.10), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

DDD PRESCRIPTION**PILES!**

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan**Brand PILE REMEDY**

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

**THICK
CATARRH**

To drive out stubborn phlegm and stop hawking, sniffing and coughing, get the scientific Catarrh Remedy—**"NOSTROLINE"**. Smear a little inside each nostril. Gently sniff it up. **"NOSTROLINE"** loosens clogging catarrh mucus in no time! Opens blocked-up breathing passages in 30 seconds! Kills germs. Reduces all-charge. Soothes and heals inflammation. Ends Catarrh, Colds, Flu, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness. **"NOSTROLINE"** all Chemists, 1/3.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from **"NOSTROLINE"**, J.B. Bristol, 2.

**IF YOUR BREATH
HAS A SMELL YOU
CAN'T FEEL WELL**

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take **Carters Brand Little Liver Pills**. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for **Carters Little Liver Pills** and get what you ask for. 2/3 and 3/-.

Queen Mary's Visit to Fry's.

The Majesty Queen Mary recently paid an informal visit to Fry's, the factory of Messrs. J. & S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., Bristol. As she toured the various departments she learned with interest of the firm's special war time efforts to supply the Army, Navy and Air Force.

Several times she stopped and asked the work girls to explain the details of the various machines and processes on which they were working and expressed her pleasure at discovering that the firm marketed chocolate under the name of **Balaram**, the Royal name in Scotland.

Before leaving Queen Mary asked to be allowed to visit the railway sidings to see goods being loaded for transport to the Services.

**FOR YOUR
PROTECTION**

"... I want to thank you for the ideal Air Raid Insurance you have given us. Yours is the only paper which has not only kept up insurance benefits, but you have covered air raids also."

H. T., Rainham, Kent.

This letter of appreciation is typical of hundreds which are continually pouring in giving praise and thanks for the generous protection which "John Bull's" great **FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE** offers to its readers. "John Bull" is proud and eager to be of National Service.

WE all sincerely hope that the assistance "John Bull" offers you may not be necessary, but the comforting thought that practical and immediate help will be at hand should the need arise is of incalculable value to many thousands of readers.

DOUBLE PROTECTION.

"John Bull" not only provides a **FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY** for every reader, which would cost £4 4s. in annual premiums if obtained through an insurance company, but it also provides **Comprehensive Household Benefits** including protection against **FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, ETC.**

Here are brief details of the **FREE Air Raid Insurance**—

AIR RAID BENEFITS.

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed; £100 for either. The following benefits also apply to both husband and wife: £100 for loss of two limbs; £100 for loss of sight of both eyes; £100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye; £50 for loss of one limb; £50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

**COMPREHENSIVE
HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.**

FIRE up to £1,000. **GAS EXPLOSION** up to £100. **BURST HOT-WATER PIPES** up to £100. **STORM & FLOOD** up to £300. **DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING** up to £300. **DAMAGE TO WIRELESS** up to £10. **BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING** up to £500.

You cannot afford to delay in securing this **Double Protection** which "John Bull" offers you absolutely **FREE**. Use the Forms below **NOW**.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your
Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve **JOHN BULL** for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 10/2/1940.

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department,
120, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of **JOHN BULL**. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 10/2/1940

For over
70 years **HIMROD'S**
has given the greatest relief
to millions of **ASTHMA** sufferers.

ASTHMA**HIMROD'S CURE**

"The best
thing in my expe-
rience was...**HIMROD'S**
ASTHMA CURE. It never
failed." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes
in his book, "100 days in Europe."

**HEALTH
news**

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

**NERVES JUMPED
TERRIBLY**

A cycle accident started the trouble. He found he couldn't sleep afterwards—and this state of affairs went on for two years. To make matters worse the nerves in the left side of his face used to 'jump terribly' when touched (if you have suffered from neuralgia or severe headaches you will know the agony he must have gone through). But now comes the **GOOD NEWS**! Mr. A. H. L. S. writes "Since taking **Dr. Cassell's Tablets** I have obtained the **BEST Relief** since my accident. I now sleep **WELL**—and the pains come very much less." (Signed) Mr. A. H. L. S., Torquay.

**Now -**

"I can
now sleep
well!"

**NERVOUS
CONDITION**

"I simply had to write this letter," says Miss L. L. "Dr. Cassell's Tablets have been the making of me. I shall always recommend them and never be without them. I shall only be too pleased for you to print my letter, **WELL KNOWING THAT DR. CASSELL'S WILL BENEFIT OTHERS.** I constantly worried about my nervous condition and decided to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets—**AND** what a difference they have made in me! I feel better than ever before. Yours faithfully" (signed) Miss L. L., London, N.W.

**Now -**

Feels better
than ever
she did!

Feed your Nerves with**DR. CASSELL'S
TABLETS**

—AND YOU WILL
EAT BETTER!

SLEEP BETTER!**FEEL BETTER!**

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial Size 6d.
The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

FREE CATALOGUE
—and how to run a Club

RUN a Littlewood Club and increase your income. No stocks, no deposit, no canvassing, no training! A Free Gift from the moment you start. Fill in the coupon on page 29 for free illustrated catalogue and complete club outfit.



*You've
earned your
leisure...*

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

5 FOR 2¹⁰
10 FOR 5⁰
20 FOR 10⁰

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED (MILD)

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday,
February 10, 1940. 93, Long Acre,
W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught
shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"



our own people and to help win the war by bullets
of black diamonds.

Hitler's next big bluff is expected within
a fortnight. Reason to think he may
threaten Denmark this time rather than the
Netherlands.

Women in War Time

Trade unions are puzzled by the Cabinet's appeal
for a million women to replace men in industry. So are
we.

Why, for example, are skilled young women being
dismissed from arsenals and replaced by untrained
men at double wages?

On the other hand, girls in one engineering works
are working from eight at night till seven-thirty the
next morning.

Our Ministers must straighten themselves out.

A Meed of Praise

JOHN BULL has been among the fiercest critics of
the Ministry of Transport. Now we praise it.

A Bill is being prepared to compensate road users
injured by uninsured car drivers. It will close a loop-
hole that was a scandalous anomaly in peace time.
"Black-out" has made it even more serious.

Here's something else that must be done: Prosecute
careless black-out walkers who defeat the objects of the
new 20-miles-an-hour speed limit!

Ailing—but Al

George William Chesters was examined for the
Army and passed into Grade 1. A fortnight later he was
dead.

At the inquest a pathologist said the man's heart
was considerably enlarged as a result of an old infec-
tion. He added that a thorough examination should
have disclosed this condition.

The coroner said he couldn't understand why the
man had been passed as fit. His comments would
have been more caustic could he see JOHN BULL's
postbag.

Absentee M.P.s are being warned that they
won't be allowed to contest their seats again
as official candidates unless they attend
Parliament more regularly.

(Continued on page 8)

HITLER'S IOU BOATS

OUR two big C-in-Cs are cock-a-hoop.
The first big C.—Mr. Chamberlain—showed
his elation in announcing the other day that
our output of shells is ten times greater than
in 1915 and that the production of some types of gun
has increased eightfold since last September.
But he didn't reveal why our other big C.—Mr.
Churchill—is pleased. JOHN BULL will do so.

Wrong—but Pleased

Just before Christmas, Churchill warned the
nation to expect a fierce renewal of U-boat warfare in
January. At the same time, JOHN BULL warned you
that the Nazis expected to be turning out eight to
ten U-boats a week by mid-January.

Mr. Churchill and JOHN BULL were wrong. But
don't worry. We've been proved wrong because Nazi
experts were wrong.

Their plans have crumpled so badly that only three
to four U-boats are being launched each week. Each
week the shipyards "owe" Goering a few more. Only
sixty are in use, so that only about twenty are actually
on active service on any given day.

There'll be No Split

But JOHN BULL was right in exclusively revealing
a major Government decision that affects us all.

We said that Mr. Ernest Bevin's policy of stabilis-
ing living costs to avoid the vicious spiral of rising
costs and rising wages, had been accepted by the
Treasury.

Now, after a fortnight, Sir John Simon hints at
that acceptance. So there'll be no split between
Government and T.U.C. to hamper Britain's war effort.

Food prices will be "pegged" at just a little above
the present levels.

Prime Minister's hint that Economic
Minister may be appointed "if circum-
stances change" is significant. If he makes
a success at the Board of Trade, job will go
to Sir Andrew Duncan.

We Exposed Him

Now let us hit out from the shoulder at Mr. Burgin,
our Minister of Supply, and the War Office.

They haven't a shadow of an excuse for being
bamboozled by a "financial agent" with a criminal
record, whose activities figured in last week's Parlia-
mentary sensation.

Why? Because that dapper, persuasive financier,
Kingsley Scott, was fully exposed in these columns on
July 2, 1938.

Incidentally, we revealed that Scott's real name
is Skotnicki.

Bank Wouldn't Help

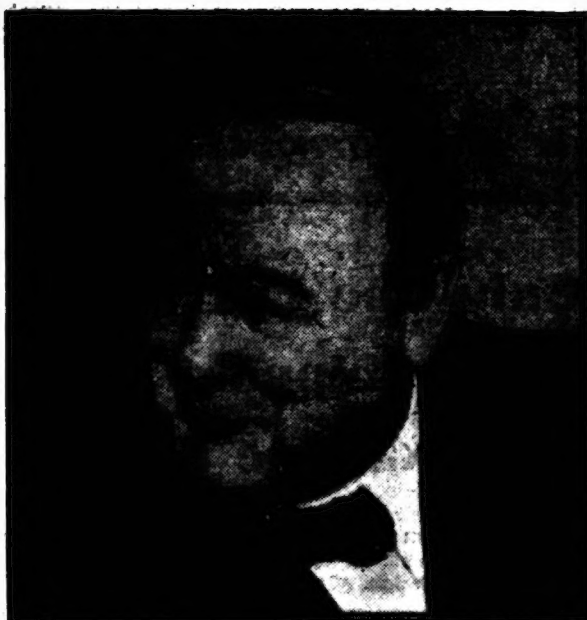
A minor point in that sensation deserves major
attention. It was stated in Parliament that Scott
became associated with the Ministry of Supply only
because a firm was short of working capital.

That firm had Army contracts worth £38,000. But
a bank refused to advance credit, even though the
Ministry used its influence.

Note well how the nation's business can be impeded
by the banks.

Cut Down Profits

Not surprising, then, that readers say our recent
notes on "Blame the Bankers" deserve to be written
"in letters a mile high."



Good reason for Winston's cheerfulness!

Since that article appeared, chairmen of several
banks have made wise, statesmanlike speeches.

Now, we may expect, they will implement their
words by restricting profits. Next, the Bank of
England should save the country millions by making
it possible for the Chancellor to borrow more cheaply.

King Coal's Job

Another way of adding to Britain's stamina would
be to level a pistol at coal-owners.

There are hundreds of idle pits. Owners have no
co-ordinated plan to reopen them and thus end coal-
field unemployment while recovering lost markets.

Nazi-subsidised competition is being swept from
Europe, South America, and the East. Coal orders are
pouring into Britain. But neutral ships have to wait
days for cargoes.

Millions in Wales

Our coal production is equal to the entire resources
of Germany and its conquered territories. We can
expand it greatly.

Every ton yields 12s. 2d. in wages to miners; at
least £15,000,000 extra spending-power can be given
to them.

Here, then, is a way to increase the prosperity of

"We should be foolish to assume serious air raids will not be made
upon us."—Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FREE FOR EVERY READER
SEE PAGE 5



THE SUPER-HYPNOTIST ...

CANDID CARTOON

by
KEM

When a Soviet warship put into the Estonian capital, Tallinn, the Red sailors couldn't believe they might buy socks, shirts and scarves without coupons, were flabbergasted at the ease with which they obtained food.

Latest argument of Nazi diplomats is that if Russians do not conquer the Finns before the end of Spring, Germany will have excellent chance of marching into the Balkans without opposition from Stalin. Italian "understanding" might be obtained by this apparent breach between Berlin and Moscow. Optimism!

* * *

Italy Goes Narily

Italy is showing only polite interest in the suggestion that she should buy German liners now bottled up in neutral ports.

Berlin proposes that payment should be in the currency of the neutral country concerned.

Rome counters with a hint that only liners approaching the Bremen class would be considered, and then only if they could be delivered to Italian waters before sale.

Himmler's Ambition

Neutral observers believe that Himmler is intent on becoming Hitler's successor.

His Gestapo now numbers several million members and is gaining in power. It was he who engineered the "blood bath" of 1934, and signs are not wanting that he is waiting his chance to repeat history with advantage to himself.

Every German soldier and A.R.P. worker must have abridged copy of "Mein Kampf." Extra 6,000,000 copies will be printed and big royalties will tumble into the Fuehrer's private purse.

* * *

In Soviet Poland

News is filtering out at last from the Forgotten Land—Soviet-occupied Poland.

Remember the stories of how the inhabitants "welcomed" Red troops? Truth now seems to be that a revolt is imminent, despite reign of terror by the OGPU.

Horror tactics seem to be having the reverse of the effect desired, and local risings have already taken place.

Last Chance!

Readers who have not yet applied for JOHN BULL's great new book, "The Marvels and Mysteries of Science," should do so at once.

The Final Reservation Forms appeared on page 2 of last week's issue.

● "A.A." Recruit with Only One Eye

● Mussolini Doubts Nazi Shipping Plan

● More Chemists to Examine Hitler's Food

One reader tells us that his boy, now in an anti-aircraft training unit, has an artificial eye and suffers from a painful affliction in the other eye.

Since being called-up his sight has deteriorated and he is now on light duty. His officers treat him with every consideration.

But should that youth be in the Army? Every week we become more disquieted by the incredible laxity shown by the doctors who pass men with serious and obvious defects.

This is Different

Very different is the case of a Norfolk soldier at Aldershot whose young son lay dying. Two telegrams from his wife failed to obtain leave for him.

The child died. A wire from a retired colonel to the father's commanding officer also had no effect, though it would not have taken very long for the man to get from Aldershot to Norfolk.

But his regiment was due to leave for overseas on the day his child was buried. We appreciate the difficulties, therefore, of granting leave.

We merely appeal for the utmost consideration from the War Office in all questions of compassionate leave.

The United States has bought up South Arabian oil-fields. Price was about £375,000, plus royalties on all oil raised. Germany offered more. Americans won because they didn't want the oil for "war purposes."

* * *

Food Thrown Away

But we have a right to demand an end of Army waste.

From one camp 20, 30 or more loaves

are scrapped each day. From several other camps comes similar news.

Just a matter of organisation. It shouldn't be hard to rectify.

Dear Parcels

One last point. Parcels of cigarettes sent to troops and airmen in Egypt often cost the recipients five to ten shillings in duties.

We say that the concessions given to the lads in France should be granted to all Service men abroad.

Finns have decided that after every big raid by Soviet aircraft they will bomb Soviet naval bases as a reprisal. Past fortnight has shown that it can be done successfully. So new phase in the war begins.

* * *

Farmers' Dodge

No one can accuse JOHN BULL of lack of sympathy with farmers. But we accuse some farmers of a mean subterfuge to defeat the Government's price control.

They have started to charge sixpence-on-the-bag since potato prices were established. Will they soon charge for the twine as well?

Stalin's Lackey

Naval patrol aircraft are known as "Monties." No one knows why.

Yet there's an obvious reason for the name of "Molotovs" given by the Finns to the bombers sent from Moscow to bomb defenceless populations.

Stalin's lackey can hardly be flattered, but what else can he expect?

Brave Mrs. Molotov

His wife is in danger. Moves are being made to "liquidate" her as an enemy to

the Soviet. She resigned her posts as Commissar of Fishing and Commissar of the Cosmetic Industry as a protest against her husband's pact with Germany.

Now she is openly criticising the policy towards Finland. Criticism is not welcome in Moscow, and her position is not likely to save her.

Kill—or be "Purged"

Soviet army purge is in full swing. Nine out of ten of the original officers on the Finnish front have been "liquidated."

Even Voroshiloff is expected to be in personal danger if the Finns are not defeated within the next few weeks.

Fuehrer's "Funk"

Because Hitler feels himself in the greatest jeopardy, there were panicky arrangements when he made his tame speech last week.

The number of his guards has been increased, and the rooms where he lives and works are regularly examined by a portable X-ray apparatus.

More chemists and doctors have been recruited to examine his food for poison.

A fully staffed mobile surgery is also ready for fear he should collapse from increasing nervous strain.

Nazi "Seven Clubs"

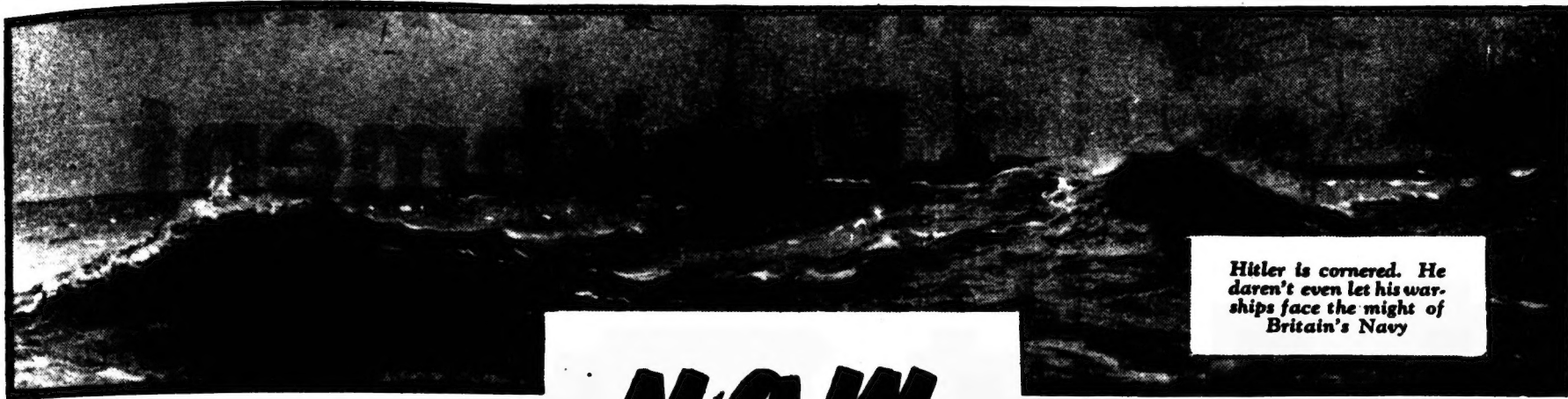
"Seven clubs" are appearing in Germany. Seven neighbours pool their rations and homes, collecting at a different house each day to share its warmth and food.

Thus they hope to save a little while discussing Dr. Goebbels' fairy stories about "starving Britain."

Flabbergasted Sailors

Similar stories have long been popular with Russian propagandists, but some of their dupes are learning the truth about foreign conditions.

Without Fear or Favour - - by the EDITOR



Hitler is cornered. He daren't even let his warships face the might of Britain's Navy

NOW WE'LL PROPHESY!

EXCEPT in general terms, the Allies have not defined their war aims. In a sense they have none but victory.

They seek no material advantage and no territorial gain. They are fighting to destroy an evil system, but not to crush and humiliate the German people.

The Nazis, on the other hand, have openly proclaimed that they are fighting a war of conquest. They hate us and the French. They seek to destroy our Empires and reduce our populations to servitude.

Many of Hitler's dupes—and the young men steeped in the black heresies of the Swastika are nothing less—actually believe that before the Spring has ended they will be trampling over Britain as they have trampled over Poland and Czechoslovakia.

For Nazi Germany has no god but the Godless State, and Hitler is its prophet.

Millions still believe in him; still thrill to answering frenzy at his frenzied words. They do not yet suspect the fear that lurks in their Fuehrer's heart.

IT IS THE FEAR WHICH HAS ALWAYS HAUNTED THE FALSE PROPHET AND THE PERJURED LEADER; THE FEAR OF HIS OWN PEOPLE; THE CONSUMING DREAD OF THE HOUR WHEN HE CAN HOLD THEIR FAITH NO LONGER.

We make our war prophecy in the certainty that this hour will strike. We predict the downfall of Hitler as the sure prelude to the overthrow of "Hitlerism."

We say that sooner or later Nazi Germany is bound to crack from within.

The crack is not yet visible. Outwardly the might of Hitler's Reich is unimpaired. Giant armies are assembled upon its frontiers and ruthless legions police a land of conscript labour harnessed to the machine of war.

But hate and distrust and fear are working beneath the surface, and within the gates of "Hitlerism" are millions of secret enemies.

Hitler, who poses as the first soldier in Germany, was a "front-line" veteran of the last war, but to-day he lives in constant fear of assassination.

His visits to the present front are few and far between, but, even so, he may well feel safer in the trenches than in the streets!

He never ventures abroad except under strong guard. The Gestapo men dog his footsteps. They surround him with extraordinary precautions.

WHEN the Fuehrer, making his first public speech since the Munich bomb plot, broadcast the other day from the Berlin Sports Palace, nobody—not even the members of the Reichstag individually summoned to the capital—was allowed to know in advance when or where that speech would be delivered.

Some fifteen thousand picked Nazis filled that great building and their "Hells" reverberated over the radio. Listeners in foreign countries had the impression that there must have been a cheer-leader.

But Mr. Neville Chamberlain, fulfilling a similar engagement in London the next day, remarked blandly that nobody had thought it necessary to conceal from the public either the time or place of his own appearance!

A small thing, but significant. Our public men need no armed guards and secret police to

watch over them. Why? Because they do not fear the deep and hidden hatred of persecuted minorities.

They speak as the leaders of a united nation. They speak to a public which is free to criticise. They are answerable to the people's representatives.

And we prophesy that the staying power of free men will outlast and overcome the utmost discipline of any nation in chains.

THOUGH he was celebrating the seventh anniversary of his own advent to power, Hitler could offer little comfort to his followers.

There was no substance in his speech; no facts, no figures; nothing but the gusty wind of hate. It was not the speech of a great leader; it was the frenzied harangue of a baffled despot.

Indeed, it was scarcely front-page news. The world, which had heard it all before, was bored and unimpressed.

Hitler seems to be under the impression that the Allies are underestimating his strength. "We have not been sleeping all these years," he cried, but Britain and France have never supposed anything so foolish.

They do not in the least underestimate Hitler's strength or his ruthlessness. They did not wake up soon enough, perhaps, to the full Nazi meaning of guns before butter, but they are wide awake now.

Mr. Chamberlain, disdaining vague threats and empty boasts, has just given the world facts and figures to prove the "prodigious" efforts we are making to outstrip German armaments of every description.

Hitler, for all his repeated talk of peaceful aims, had been preparing for this war ever since he became Chancellor. He found work for all—work of a kind with wretched wages and long hours—simply because he diverted all surplus labour into the arid channel of rearmament.

But we prophesy that before this year is out the Allied war machine will also be running on top gear; that we, too, will have found it possible to put all employable men and women back to work again; and that our output of munitions and war material will surpass the enemy's potential maximum.

Hitherto the German dictator has met with no obvious reverse. The Rhineland, Austria and Czechoslovakia were absorbed into Greater Germany without war, and the blood that has been spilt in these countries is the blood of the innocents—not of Nazi Storm Troops.

Poland, too, was swiftly conquered, and by that conquest Hitler contrived, at least in the

main, to make his followers overlook the staggering implications of his pact with Russia.

But the war with the Western Powers offers him no possibility of easy success or shameful bargain.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CAREER HITLER FINDS THAT HE MUST REDEEM HIS BOASTS IN BATTLE OR STAND REVEALED TO HIS OWN PEOPLE AS A TRAITOR AND A SHAM.

To-day all Germany is gagged and blindfolded. The German Press is muzzled; the radio is nothing but Goebbels' echo of his master's voice.

Nevertheless, truth cannot be suppressed for ever. Sooner or later the people of Germany must come to realise that their Leader has led them into a war he cannot win.

The very desperation of Hitler's threats against this country and his open admission at last that France, too, must be counted an implacable enemy reveal the fear in his heart.

He protests too much and threatens too wildly. His promises, worthless to the outside world, are losing value in Germany itself.

In his latest speech he made one astonishing admission. "To-day, the whole world," he said, "is shouting that Germany must be destroyed."

Actually the neutral world is not shouting for the destruction of Germany; it is longing only for the overthrow of Adolf Hitler.

The savagery and senseless wickedness of German attacks upon unarmed merchantmen of every nationality are earning for the Nazi Reich the hatred and contempt of all civilised peoples.

We have said before that Germany has no friend left, and we predict that continued frightfulness, far from cowering the neutrals into submission, will enlist them on our side.

Hitler has spoken wildly of invading Great Britain. He has, so it is said, chosen his gauleiters to rule over us. He boasts that the French can never break the Siegfried Line, though one day his own troops may be fighting on French soil.

GAMELIN and Gort could ask for nothing better than a direct assault upon the Western Front.

And we prophesy that, even if Hitler's generals were mad enough to obey his orders and hurl their armies against the Maginot Line, they might, perhaps, win a battle, but only at such a cost that they would infallibly lose the war.

There remains, if the Fuehrer ever dares to risk it, the possibility of unrestricted air warfare.

Nobody knows the exact strength of the German Air Force, but we do know that, man for man and machine for machine, the Allied Air Forces have proved their superiority.

And we also know—and so does Adolf Hitler—that with every day that passes our air strength increases; that we can draw upon the immense resources of the Empire and the United States; and that we, at all events, can continue to supply all our machines with the finest aviation spirit.

None but a madman would attempt mass air attack in these conditions. Retaliation would be too swift; the consequences too appalling.

He daren't even let what warships he has left come out of hiding to face the might of Britain's Navy.

The war may last a long time, and we are grimly preparing for that if needs must. But Hitler himself is a doomed man, and the days of his despotism are already numbered.

Imaginary
Interview
on the
Black-out
Bus



Black Cloth and Ashes

GOING all the way? Right you are; that'll be twopence. . . I thank you. . . But, blimey! I don't know 'ow you manage to come aht wivahnt an overcoat on a night like this!

Pardon the liberty, but you didn't ought to do it, honest, you didn't! . . .

Wot's that you say, sir? "Beggars can't be choosers!" You don't mean to tell me you 'aven't got an overcoat? . . . You do! An' you wiv them striped trousers and the spats an' all! . . .

No, chum, you've got me all wrong: I wasn't pulling your leg. Not blinking likely! Why, I've got pals wiv black coats and white collars meself, poor blighters. . .

You say you've been out of a job since the blinking war started? Strewth, that's tough luck! 'Ow did it 'appen?

You're fifty, eh? Well, that ain't so old; I'm fifty meself, and being a conductor on a bus in the black-out ain't everybody's idea of a soft job. But it is a job, thank 'eavins!

Honest, I'm sorry for any bloke out of work these days, 'specially if 'e's like you wiv a missus and two kids. . .

So you was a managing clerk in a firm what dealt in cattle food, eh? And when the war started the Government takes control and controls your little firm right out of business!

And the boss gives you a month's salary and a testimonial good enough to frame! I believe you, and that was about all you could do wiv it!

WHAT might you 'ave been getting while you was still in work? . . . Three 'undred a year, eh? That'd be abaht six quid a week; just too much for you to sign on for unemployment.

And, naturally, you don't belong to a union? . . . No, I'm not blaming you.

However, there it is. You don't belong to a union and you ain't insured and you've been steadily spending your savings and even pawning your blinking overcoat.

You've signed on at the unemployment exchanges; you've written to all the Ministries; you've tried to get back into the Army and nobody don't seem to want you! . . . Don't chuck up the sponge, chum; things is bound to improve.

Why, only the other day, old Winnie Churchill was saying we'd need another million women on munitions and suchlike. . . . They wouldn't fetch them in and leave blokes like you out in the cold.

You ain't so sure? . . . You say there's tens of thousands of clerical and professional workers stranded like you and wivout being shown in the unemployment returns? . . .

'Oly Mackerel! There's something wrong if they let things like that go on much longer. . .

FOR the time being, mate, you've just got to swallow your pride, if you see wot I mean. You ought to 'ave the dole, same as what I should 'ave if I was out of a job; but, meanwhile, you take my tip and go straight to the Public Assistance Committee. They may ask you a perishing lot of questions, but they've got to relieve "distress arising from war."

Yes, I know; you wouldn't do it for yourself, but you've got to do it for your missus and kids. So go ahead and be damned to 'em. You've got nothing to be ashamed of, but the Country 'as, if only it could see it.

This is a queer war and no mistake, but you and me was in the last one and we came out on top in the end, didn't we? . . .

The Problem of Punishment

By "John Bull's" Padre—
the Rev. Pat McCormick,
Famed Radio Preacher

TOO many Christians devote too much time to considering the probabilities of Reward and Punishment. These two loom large in the Old Testament, and are carried on in the New Testament because they were real conceptions of Jewish faith.

At one time punishments, Hell fire and such-like ideas, loomed large in every preacher's message.

People, warned to flee from the wrath to come, were advised to come and be saved, to escape Hell fire. The emphasis was not so much on the glory of the Love of God as on being saved from Hell.

It was the fear of God rather than His Love that inspired the Churchmen.

Parents, teachers and nurses used God in this way to keep children quiet and save themselves trouble.

"God will punish you" (or even "strike you dead") was a threat hanging like the sword of Damocles over many young heads.

No doubt this was most convenient for keeping children under control, but what a picture of God it must have produced in a child's mind!

Some people have now swung too far the other way and made God into a benevolent old gentleman, who doesn't mind what you do, and never thinks of punishments.

YET retribution is bound to come if we break laws; although I am not sure that "punishment" is the right word.

Consider Christ's teaching in the parable of the prodigal son.

The father did not punish the boy when he returned home. He showed the boy that he was entirely forgiven and received him back into the home. But the son had his lesson in the far country. He had been punishing himself.

If we break a law of Nature, we bring punishment on ourselves, but the spiritual life is the reign of Love, and I don't see how you can bring material rewards or punishments into that. Love does not deal in rewards; it gives itself.

The reward of service is opportunity of more service.

It is wrong to try to be good so that you may be rewarded. It makes "being good" rather cheap,



doesn't it? What's more, it makes you feel "self-righteous," which Christ considered a definite sin.

The story of the Pharisee and the Publican should be kept in mind.

There is a Pharisee in most of us. We like to parade our virtues and pat ourselves on the back, but when we get down to knowing ourselves and realise that we are not nearly as good as we might be, there is some hope for us.

The man who knows he doesn't deserve the blessings he receives is more likely to see the Love of God shining on him than the man expecting blessing because he thinks he is good.

The question of Heaven and Hell raises a difficult subject.

It was easy enough when people believed that there were two places. Not many believe that now.

HAVE you ever read a poem of Studdert-Kennedy's called "Well," in which a Cockney discovered he was dead and met Our Lord?

"And 'E said nowt, 'E just stood still,
For I dunno 'ow long.
And then at last 'E said one word,
'E just said one word, 'Well?'
And I said in a funny voice,
'Please can I go to 'EU?'
And then 'E answered 'No,
You can't, that 'EU is for the blind
And not for those that see.
You know that you have earned it, lad,
So you must follow Me.'
There ain't no throne, and there ain't no books,
It's 'Im you've got to see,
And boys I'd sooner frizzle up,
I the flames of a burning 'EU,
Than stand and look into 'Is face,
And 'ear 'Is voice say—'Well?'"

I think he is right. We make our own Heaven and Hell, and we shall find it when we meet our Lord face to face.

There won't be places of rewards or punishments, but we shall know it all when He says either "Well done" or "Well?"

To All Who Go to Fight By "J. M."

TO all of you who go to Fight, may these things go with you too, a glow of Hope deep in your heart to light your way right through. A scrap of Cheer that will not fade, however hard your way, and a simple prayer within your soul that you can always pray.

TO all of you who go to Fight, may these things keep you strong, the warmth of Love that fills your heart with its grand Eternal Song. The Courage born of right things done, however hard the strain and the knowledge that God's sun will shine however fierce Life's Rain.

TO all of you who go to Fight, may you carry in each Thought, the surety that those at home your needs will all support. And may this inmost knowledge a special Comfort add, that Christ is close beside you and He's nearest when things are bad.

TO all of you who go to Fight, remember these few things, that your Bravery, your Fortitude have shining unseen wings, which light your Soul above the strain, and out of Dark Suspense, and that all the things that now seem hard have their own Recompense.

TO all of you who go to Fight, One Message Clear I send, that Christ will Never Fail you, if you let Him be your Friend. For He will Touch with Heaven, the blood, and muck, and pain, and He'll Help you Understand the things which MEN CANNOT EXPLAIN.

★ Minister's
"Blind-eye"

★ Gallant
Sergeant

★ Misplaced
Leniency

★ Hero No. 1 of
the R.A.F.

★ "Public"
Assistance?

Open Letters

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE DEPT.,

Barking

GENTLEMEN,—The title you bear is singularly inept.

When an old woman fell and was badly hurt, a friend sought your help. You assured her that a doctor would be sent.

That was soon after 10 a.m. Another neighbour informed the police at 9.30 p.m. They called the doctor, who diagnosed a fractured thigh.

Imagine the suffering imposed by such inexcusable and perilous delay!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—How convenient to argue that because you refuse to acknowledge a poor relation he doesn't exist!

Yet it will take more than a plausible campaign in a Conservative newspaper to make us forget a great army of unemployed.

By revising the "method of calculating" it may be possible to wipe off half a million persons from the unemployment figures merely because they are "ready for work."

It will only be an admission of your

failure to harness our resources in the tasks before us.

There should be no need for revising the register if, as we are told, work will soon be available for all and a million women are already required by industry.

We want a Minister to provide jobs without delay.—JOHN BULL.

Police Sergeant HARVEY, Adlington, Lancs.

DEAR SERGEANT,—You show that men of quick decision and organising ability may be found in hamlets as well as in Big Business.

Most people must have paid you tribute on reading how you mobilised the entire district to care for 600 stranded travellers, found accommodation in a school, inns and houses, combed the village for food, and obtained permission for three cattle and ten sheep to be slaughtered.

Not a usual job for a village policeman, but a job very well done.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM HYDE, Colne, Lancs., Bench

YOUR WORSHIP,—Misplaced leniency is as repugnant as harshness. It affronts the public conscience and makes a mockery of mercy.

Therefore I deplore your treatment of a young man who inflicted a five-inch blistering burn on his baby, and, according to his wife, had previously hit the child with a kettle and knife.

You have bound over this brute for six months to come up for judgment if called up. I should unhesitatingly have jailed him for the same period.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL, Secretary, Minister of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Rip Van Winkles in your Department are still snoring.

Lately I told you of a man whose claim for old age pension has been held up for seven months. Here's another:

Mr. Chas. Willmott, of Corringham, Essex, filled in his application form last August. He's had acknowledgments, but is still waiting for the pension.

And I'm still waiting for you to pension off your laggards.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal C. F. PORTAL, Air Member for Personnel

DEAR SIR,—Easy to appeal for engineering instructors. Not so easy for some men to respond.

A Cleethorpes instructor of the last war is again willing to do his bit. But instructions to proceed to a certain aerodrome for examination means he must find accommodation for five nights and pay 30s. fare.

He can't afford it. I'm sure you can devise an arrangement to overcome such difficulties.—JOHN BULL.

Peer with an Eye on Peace

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, President, Medical Research Council

MY LORD,—Thank you for the most hopeful news I have heard this year. All Britain will wish success to your effort of organising the peace while our rulers are still busily organising the war.

Thoughtful people are convinced that a start must be made now if we are to avoid the unemployment and depressions, the industrial troubles and financial breakdowns that usually follow war.

We must look ahead to a new Britain. We must carry through vast reforms even if faced by opposition by powerful interests and the mentally lazy folk who distrust any change. We must re-plan our cities, work for prosperity and preserve the beauty of our countryside.

We must give equal opportunities to all our children and assure them of the healthy conditions which only the full use of science can produce.

I may claim to have been the first to express these aims after the outbreak of war. I know by the letters of appreciation I then received that these ideals are held, with a passionate insistence that they must guide our policies, by men and women of all political Parties.

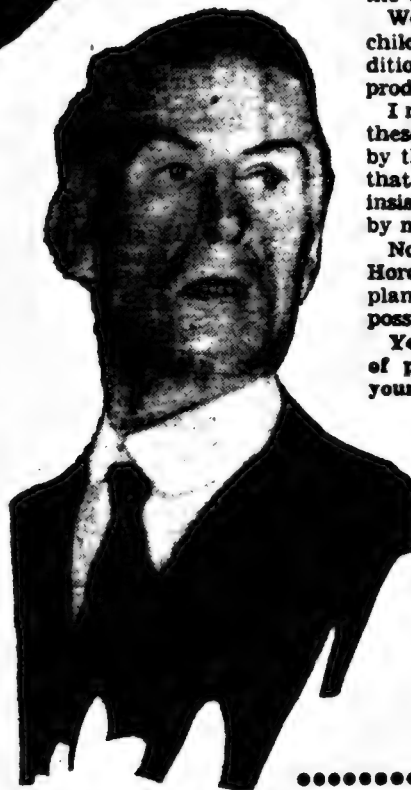
Now you and others, including Lord Horder, the King's physician, social and town planning experts, are beginning to review the possibilities and decide on practical measures.

You will receive support from every leader of progressive thought. Do not doubt that your reports will be watched with interest by the so-called "inarticulate millions."

The Government should also keep an eye on you.

Already the problem should be engaging its attention. Time our rulers realised that it is as imperative to plan the peace as well as plan the war.

I hope they will soon call you into consultation and outline schemes for vast reforms, schemes that would sustain and encourage the whole nation in the arduous days ahead.—JOHN BULL.



Mr. H. G. JUDD, Waste Controller

DEAR SIR,—If your "Save the rubbish" appeal is to be a success, you must tidy the countryside.

Many villages have no dustbins. Tons of waste paper have to be burnt, thousands of tins and bottles thrown into dumps or buried.

Persuade rural councils to send round a refuse cart once a month and you'll reap a rich winter harvest of potential war material.—JOHN BULL.

Signor FECCI, High Street, Ferndale, Glam.

SIGNOR,—Although you cannot be touched by the law, you can be brought before the bar of public opinion.

I charge you with brazenly advertising for a café manager, to work from eight in the morning till eleven at night, for wages of 15s. a week and his keep.

What defence can you make to avoid being branded as an exploiter of cheap labour?—JOHN BULL.

Miss THORPE, Dallas Road School, Lancaster

MADAM,—Curious you should turn a child away from school because he wears clogs and his parents are too poor to buy him boots.

Still more curious that the clogs were distributed to him by the city education office.

I believe you are a good teacher. But you have not learned that your job is concerned with children's minds, not their feet.

Maybe the education authorities will tell you so.—JOHN BULL.

THE DIRECTOR, Military Service Allowances Clee.

SIR,—Delay in granting special allowances to soldiers' wives is undermining the whole scheme.

I must remind you that women bowed down by heavy expenses have been waiting ten or twelve weeks, visited by officials and closely questioned, yet still in the dark about whether they will eventually be granted a few extra shillings.

Careful enquiries are necessary. But it shouldn't take months to complete them.—JOHN BULL.

Squadron-Leader K. C. DORAN, Royal Air Force

DEAR DORAN,—Congratulations on being the first man to receive a bar to a decoration won in the present war.

No doubt that you deserved a bar to your D.F.C. for beating off the enemy fighters attacking your bomber formation, forcing two of them to break off the fight, bringing down another, and carrying on to your objective.

May you carry on now to further distinctions!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—I never gibe at a man for changing his mind, and I congratulate you for giving way to the demand for better workmen's compensation in cases of hardship.

I should have liked a more comprehensive scheme, but I hope you will urge the Royal Commission to accelerate its report on the whole question, thus paving the way for bigger reforms.—JOHN BULL.

Greatest of These

IT seems a contradiction in terms to say that an unemployed ex-Serviceman is in a "reserved occupation." But there are men, robbed of their jobs through war time conditions, now unable to find other work or enlist because they once had a "reserved occupation."



Pauline Read is a victim of muddle

A victim of this muddle is an ex-lorry driver, Edgar Read, of Hammer-smith, London, W., who has a wife and two children to support on his £2 6s. a week unemployment benefit.

He pays a pound a week for rent, three shillings for insurance, and must try to feed and clothe his daughters Dorothy and Pauline on the few shillings left. He has had to pawn blankets.

Yet he cannot accept work offered by the local council because as a lorry driver he had a "reserved occupation."

This man is in need of help, your help. Donations earmarked "Shivers," or for our General Fund, should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the fund.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

We gratefully acknowledge 2s. 6d. from J. W. H. V. (Reading).

Dogs of Peace and War

MARKED up in my overspent personal budget is an item: "Dog licences, 15s." A pretty luxury in war time, I thought, with meat rationed and fish scarce and expensive and the food problem one of vital concern to the nation.

I reckon my two terriers, a Cairn and a wire-hair, cost me, roughly, between £12 and £15 a year.

They are no earthly use to me. They take the best places in front of the fire; they bark their heads off sometimes when I deeply desire peace; they demand food, exercise, attention—and they cost me money which in war time might be devoted to other things.

That's the debit side.

To balance that I find that I enjoy their welcome when I get home; that I get a lot of fun out of their little parlour tricks; that the workings of their minds are a source of infinite wonder.

A dog, like a baby, keeps a man young, and, more than that, keeps alive in him a deep-seated sense of tenderness and responsibility.

Yet a dog is not vital in times of war, I told myself, when trying to balance the pet account. It is a luxury. And it eats food.

I argued with myself. I agreed that the old car which is still wheezing about on pool petrol is not vital to my existence.

Nor are my cigarettes, my pints of beer, my wireless set, my books, my morning tea, my coffee in the office.

**Argue
it
Out!
by
PALLAS**

I would still live if I were deprived of my bathroom, or if I gave up my visits to the local cinema, costing me half-a-crown for two of us.

I could eat my luncheon in a cheap café instead of going to a decent restaurant. I could give up a lot of things that are not vital.

There are only a few things vital to us—food, drink, sleep, warmth, air. These are material things, and with them you will exist, but you would not live.

That's what I tell myself when I look at the dogs' budget. They have been with us since they were puppies.

The Cairn is twelve, the wire-hair seven. We have brought them up in days of peace, fed them, nursed them through illness, bathed them.

They have life just as I have. They can't be held responsible for the folly of a man-made war (if Hitler deserves so noble a term).

LIFE—and living—is as vital to them as it is to me. I stand in trust to them as I stand in trust to my family.

And as long as they enjoy life and I have the money to keep them, they will stay under my roof, loving me, trusting me, romping with me, occasionally giving me their sympathy.

They're a darn sight better investment than my car, or my wireless, or many another little luxury that has become part of my life.

I can imagine some readers saying bitterly: "Fancy spending money like that on dogs."

Well, fancy it! If I gave up my dogs the State would suffer. So would the "vet." and the dog shops.

So would I—much more than they.

For theirs would be a material loss, and mine would be the loss of something that for years has been part of my life.

My sitting-room without a dog sprawling at my feet would be like a childless home or a flowerless garden.

It would lack that warmth, that sense of living that makes it so happy now.

The Cairn and his pal, although they still have their little dust-ups, will live on unworried, I hope, by the economics of war.

What is given them, they return a hundredfold.

Why should the dogs of war destroy the happiness of the dogs of peace?

Here are the Answers

WHY do Members of Parliament keep appearing in the House of Commons in Army uniform when it is well known that the "holder of any office of profit under the Crown" is disqualified from membership of the Commons?

Colonel Nathan, one of the M.P.s in uniform

In normal times an M.P. is debarred by Army Regulations from obtaining a commission, said a War Office expert to whom this reader's question was submitted, but there are now about a hundred Members of the Commons serving with the Colours.

Reason is that among the sixty Acts of Parliament rushed into existence at the outbreak of war there was one giving Members the right to join any of the three Services.

Strange though it may seem, membership of the Commons is not a reserved occupation.

When "twenty-eights" have been absorbed in the Services, the next proclamation will undoubtedly affect a number of M.P.s unless they volunteer for something in the meantime.

?

WHY should Nazis choose the severe weather of a fortnight ago to start their first mass air attack on our coastline?

WEATHER conditions made them bold. They knew not only that our fighter aircraft did not have the shelter of vast underground hangars as weather protection because we never planned for a war, but also that the planes must always be ready to fight off surprise attack.

So the majority of our fighters would be kept out in the open.

Nazis thought, therefore, that the bitter weather would either drive interceptors under shelter or freeze them up. They imagined our airfields would be in chaos, and that fighters would not get up in time to intercept.

And they guessed wrong.

At no time were raiders on our coastline more than a few minutes. Chased out to sea, they had to content themselves with bombing lonely steamers.

Germans have always been bad guessers. And they will be so again.

?

WHAT is the true position of our money and credit with the United States? It is officially stated that the Government frowns on all business purchases from America and will issue permits to pay for them only exceptionally. Yet it is reported that we are spending £20,000,000 a month on American aircraft and war material.

ALL war purchases are paid from our credits and balances deposited in the United States at the moment. That "stock" will last a long

time at the present rate of spending because it totals nearly seven hundred millions. Dipping into it does not affect the £ exchange to any appreciable extent.

If a merchant buys goods from the States, he has to buy dollars here to pay for them. Done in a big way, that does adversely affect the pound. Thus the order to buy only strict necessities from America is made to protect the pound against a rise in cost of living.

?

WHY did Nazis adopt the Swastika as their emblem, and is there any foundation for their claim that this hooked cross is an ancient Teutonic or Nordic symbol?

SAID to be a symbol of the sun, the Swastika appears on the relics of many earlier civilisations, and it has been revealed in Palestine, in the Far East, in Mongolia and all over the American Continent.

It was introduced to Germany by men of the German Baltic Corps, who wore it on their helmets when they returned to the Fatherland after fighting the Bolsheviks in Finland and the Baltic States in 1919. (The Swastika has been Finland's national emblem for many years.)

When these troops from the Baltic joined the Nationalist Volunteer Corps created in opposition to Germany's post-war Republican Government, they

continued to use the Swastika as their badge, and it became the sign of extreme nationalism.

It was an obvious symbol for the Nazi Party, despite its non-Aryan history. To Germans it signified all that was hostile to Democracy.

?

WHAT is it that causes pilots of fast interceptor machines to suffer from severe sickness after making a rapid ascent to high altitudes?

THIS sickness, "aeroembolism," is similar to the dread staggers, bends or caisson disease haunting divers, and is caused by formation of nitrogen bubbles in the blood and spinal fluid.

Among symptoms are neuritis, a burning and stabbing pain in the lungs, joint pains, a heavy red rash, and, according to an American medical consultant who has specialised in such troubles, a "weird tingling like a small compact colony of ants rushing madly over the surface of the body."

The only cure suggested is that the pilot should come down as quickly as he went up.

?

WHAT has happened to the men of the Spanish Republican Armies who fled to France and were interned when Franco's victory was eventually secured?

MORE than 150,000 Spaniards—combatants and non-combatants, but all exiles from Franco Spain—are still being cared for in camps in France.

International relief organisations are still striving to find homes for them in other parts of the world. Many have gone to Mexico, where they have been well received.

But war has now made the despatch of these refugees a dangerous procedure. Many Spanish combatants, in camps in France, are eager to join volunteer legions to fight on the Western Front, and some have wangled positions in the French army.



100 M.P.s IN UNIFORM

Five Guineas for You!

● "JOHN BULL" offers five guineas for readers' true war time stories.

● This is your great opportunity to tell the world of your most thrilling adventure.

See page 28

With millions already under their lash, the unspeakable Nazi slave-raiders now dream a mad dream of subjugating all the rest of Europe.

HITLER'S PLANS FOR YOU

WHEN Lord Halifax said the other day that he would rather die a hundred deaths than fall under the heel of the Nazi terror, he spoke for all of us.

Every day deepens the horror that has engulfed Central Europe.

Every day darkens the fate that awaits the nations which that horror still threatens.

The fury of blind hate and brutality that Hitler has let loose upon the world grows in intensity at each stage of his monstrous career.

The savageries committed in the Austrian chapter paled before those inflicted on Czechoslovakia, and they in turn fade before the unspeakable horrors that have turned Poland into a shambles.

After the last war there was a disposition to whitewash the brutalities of the German soldiery then.

It was a natural disposition, for it is difficult for civilised people to understand barbarians.

But there will be no such disposition when the reckoning for this war comes, for the dreadful truth is known beyond all challenge.

NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN WAR HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A RECORD OF FRIGHTFULNESS AS THAT INFLECTED ON THE POLES, NOT MERELY DURING THE WAR, BUT STILL MORE SINCE THEIR DEFEAT.

It is not only that their whole territory has been seized, that every stick of their property has been stolen.

They have been starved and rendered homeless by the million.

They have been massacred in cold blood by the thousand and the ten thousand.

Their churches have been defiled and their religion desecrated.

And at every turn they are in the grip of the hideous Gestapo.

The evidence for all this comes from a hundred indisputable sources, most convincingly of all in those flaming broadcasts from the Vatican, which have shocked the world.

But beyond these things is a deeper and more devilish purpose, for the achievement of which these things are only the preparation.

THAT PURPOSE IS TO ENSLAVE THE PEOPLE. IT IS NOT ENOUGH THAT THEIR STATE SHOULD BE DESTROYED. THE NATION AS A NATION IS TO BE DESTROYED BEYOND ANY POSSIBILITY OF RESURRECTION.

This is why the Vandals have massacred all the intellectuals of the nation who had not escaped.

EIGHTEEN thousand of them have perished already. Professors, teachers, scientists, leaders of opinion, priests, journalists, writers, politicians.

Hitler, like Stalin, fears the man of brains, no matter what his calling, and murders him by instinct.

Only in that way can tyranny survive.

And not only have the intellectuals been shot: all the learned institutions—the universities, the museums, the sacred places of the race—have been abolished and their treasures stolen. Poland is to be no more.

The Polish nation is to be no more.

Its lands are to be occupied by the conquering German, and the Polish people, homeless and destitute, are to be the slaves of the tyrant race.

Hitler drives herds of his obedient German slaves into Poland, and to make room for them he deports millions of his Polish victims into Germany to be his hewers of wood and drawers of water, to release his own slaves for the battlefield and to stoke the furnace of his war machine for future conquests.

Those who remain on what was once Polish soil will remain as the slaves of the invader.

That is the Hitler scheme in action. Poland and Czechoslovakia are, as it were, the blue-prints of his world policy.

What he has done there he proposes to do everywhere until, as he indicates in "Mein Kampf," one man has made himself master of the world—he being that man.

DO not laugh. I know it sounds like the scheme of a paranoiac from Bedlam.

Indeed, it is the scheme of a paranoiac from Bedlam. It was conceived by Nietzsche, who died in a madhouse, and among the various fates that await Hitler Bedlam is not the most unlikely.

But all the same, do not laugh.

Hitler has enslaved the Germans, and through them he has enslaved the Austrians, the Czechs and the Poles.

AND THAT HE CONTEMPLATES THE SAME FATE FOR THE BELGIANS AND DUTCH, THE SWISS AND THE NORWEGIANS, THE FRENCH AND THE BRITISH — ESPECIALLY THE

By A. G. GARDINER

BRITISH — AND ALL THE REST OF THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH, IS PLAIN TO ANY READER OF "MEIN KAMPF."

Nor can we doubt that he has all his plans laid.

Did you observe that among the secret documents found on the German airman who came to grief in Belgium was a catalogue of all the leading Belgians with their opinions, tastes, weaknesses, all duly registered, ready for "The Day" when they will be "liquidated"—that lovely word which we owe to Stalin—just as the Polish and Czech intellectuals are being "liquidated" now?

I have no doubt that the Gestapo has a similar catalogue of the men to be "liquidated" here if and when Hitler comes to London to take over the British Empire.

It will be a long list and Mr. Churchill will not be far from the top.

But the significance of the tragedy of Poland for us is that it is, even more than the tragedy



Although they are homeless refugees, these little Poles are lucky. Their fellow-countrymen still in Poland are being systematically exterminated

of Czechoslovakia, the full dress rehearsal of Hitler's world programme.

As M. Daladier has said, he aims "not only to dominate the nations, but to destroy them."

"He seeks to destroy even their history and culture."

"To him human beings are only cattle. He contemplates their massacre so that their space can be occupied by the conqueror."

It is this conception of mankind as slaves under the whip of a universal slave-owner with which the Allies are at war.

We are fighting for the Christian civilisation with its gospel of the sacredness of human freedom and human personality against a barbarism that, if it triumphed, would plunge the world back into the deepest abyss of the dark ages.

IT is not our own cause alone for which we are fighting.

It is the cause of every people on earth that understands and reverences the meaning of liberty.

There is not a country in either hemisphere, certainly not in Europe and certainly not in America, which does not watch this struggle with a passionate hope that the forces of civilisation will triumph.

And for good reason. If our liberties go, theirs will go too.

Even in Germany itself, with its slave mentality and its brutal idolatry of force, there is so powerful an undercurrent of civilised thought that, as we have seen, Hitler dare not face a meeting which his secret police have not packed.

And he dare not let the time and place of his meeting be known beforehand!

But though we have the world's sympathy, Britain and France are left alone to save the world's freedom.

For the rest, "discretion is the better part of valour."

Well, be it so. We have saved the liberties of mankind before, and we shall not fail now.

We shall not fail because Lord Halifax spoke the deepest feeling of all of us when he said that he would rather die a hundred deaths than fall under the heel of the Nazi terror.

Tell "John Bull" About It!

GRIN and BEAR IT! ----- By Oliver PLUSH

MEET THE HITZIS!

GERMANS are to be hanged if they try to listen to the B.B.C. talks. You know—those cosy chats on how to make seven good hot meals for the little ones out of last year's rain-coat.

That goes for me, too.
I'll be hanged if I try, either.

Poor Old Joe?

That war up there on the top right-hand corner of the map isn't being spelt properly in the papers.

OLD BILL

by

Bruce Bairnsfather

"Finish-Russia War" is the way it should be.

You Don't Thay Tho?

The *Daily Telegraph* says there is no thruth in the German claim that Britain has lost eight destroyers during the war.
Certainly not.
A lot of thripe.

MY ENCYCLOPEDIA-3

HITLAND

HITLAND is a large country surrounded by trouble. It faces west on the west and both ways on the east.

Hitland is populated by Hitzis, Eighty million minds with not a single thought.

The Big Noise in Hitland is a cove called Hitler, who started out as a

house-painter and took darned good care not to stop.

After the Big Noise, there are various other Unpleasant Sounds carving the Goose in Hitland, such as Hermy Goering (5,000 tons), Doc. ("Little Bit of Fluff") Goebbels.

Goodish cast, but plot monotonous. Experts believe that when the Big Noise starts running, he will run longer than "Chu Chin Chow," the Big Noise of the last war.

Hitland is an astonishingly difficult country to get into, even if you're daft enough to want to do such a thing.

Same with getting out, although you can get out with luck. Maybe not, though, because if you had luck you'd never have got in.

You live longer out of Hitland than you do in.

Sometimes you live to be eighty-one.

One Good Turn

To get to St. Albans these days, take the first black-out on the right, keep right along through the black-out till you come to the third black-out on the left.

Turn.
Keep on for half a mile until you come to a black-out.

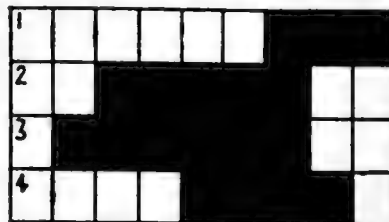
Bear right at cross-black-outs. After five miles pass a black-out on left.

Get out and ask.
If by now you are not back home, I don't know where you are.

Moral: Stop at home. Particularly if you live at St. Albans. You'll get there quicker.

Black-Out Crossword

Do it in the dark.
Then turn the lights up.
You'll be surprised. If you're not, I am. So what!



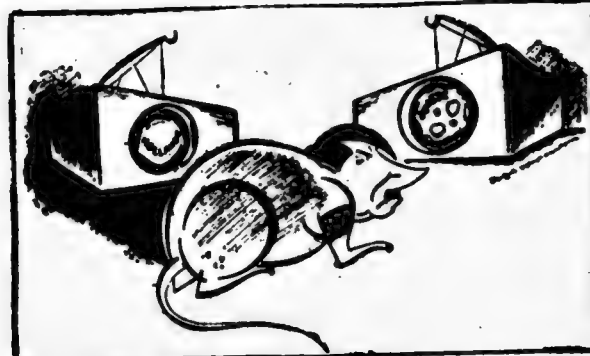
ACROSS.

1. The leading political belief in Germany to-day (9 letters)
2. The Karelian — (7 letters)
3. Town in Wiltz or Hants or somewhere. Anyway, the answer's Andover (7 letters)
4. The voice of the clock (hyphen. 4-4)

I tried this on my neighbour Smith last week, and he hasn't been back. So it has its uses!

THE ANSWER IS A HEADACHE

If it takes a haddock and a half a minute and a half to



Which cheese will he choose?
Dutch or Swiss?

—Le Petit Parisien.

As
Our
Allies
See
It!



The first great delivery of supplies from Russia reaches Germany.—Aux Ecoutes, Paris



People who want to climb mountains shouldn't pick a mad guide . . . —Le Journal.

jump a foot and a half out of a frying-pan, even this isn't the waste of effort like putting milk into Adolf's bottle fifty years ago.

Answers to Correspondents

"Rattled" (Ponders End).—"Don't tell me you write all this bilge for nothing every week. You get something out of it." Yes, pal, I get cheery letters sometimes.

Wave to the nice gentleman, Harold.

"Blue Eyes" (Bath).—"Will you tell me if you are Lord Haw-Haw in private life or not?" (1) I will. (2) I am not. (3) Or not what?

Prize-winning Novel

"GONE WITH THE WIND-UP"

Chapter I.

Once upon a time.

Chapter II.

There wasn't a bloke named Hitler.

Chapter III.

So they all lived happily ever afterwards!
It's black-out time, lads!



"And remember, if the Colonel asks yer where the boiled ham come from, I found a pig what 'ad just committed suicide."

LONDON'S NAUGHTY NIGHT-LIFE-3

TOUTS WHO LOOK FOR MUGS

It was after midnight and Greek Street might well have been half a mile down a Durham coal mine instead of in the heart of the West End.

I walked cautiously towards the Avenue through darkness so pitch-like that I was not conscious I had company until a voice sounded in my ear.

It was not a pleasant voice. It had the furtive, half-whining tone you used to hear on the Boulogne quayside where the dirty postcard sellers peddled their wares among the day trippers.

And in the next twenty yards I discovered that it was touting for business almost as unsavoury.

"Fancy a drink, guv'nor," said the voice in a hoarsely confidential undertone. "Plenty of fun—girls—anything you want, I can take you to a place only just around the next corner."

As it happened, I had been there about a week previously while making these night life investigations for JOHN BULL, and I knew it to be among the worst half-dozen dens in Soho.

The highspot of the cabaret had been a "Dance of Love," performed by a near-nude coloured girl in a manner that left practically nothing to the imagination.

The head waiter, evidently under the impression that my emotions had been suitably titillated by this spectacle, had hinted that there was "more fun" to be enjoyed "upstairs."

I did not investigate. The frankly disgusting parodies on popular songs that were crooned through the microphone at intervals had left me feeling slightly nauseated.

Yet the place was packed, and when I left soon after three o'clock the dance floor had almost vanished as more and more tables were crowded in to accommodate late arrivals.

MOST of the customers were men. More than half of them were in uniform, and the rest were fat, bald-headed out-of-towners upon whom the club's bevy of painted "hostesses" were busily at work.

The chances are that this particular haunt will have the shutters up by the time you read this, for it has been on the "Evening Dress Squad's" black list for nearly a month now.

The proprietor can afford to laugh.

When they close him down, he will open another "clip" joint with the same staff around the next corner, and within a week the touts of Soho will have it packed for him.

There always have been touts for a certain type of undesirable night spot, but since the black-out they have become a real menace.

It is impossible to walk through certain streets in the West End without continually being pestered by these nuisances.

By Richard Morton

Voices call from dark doorways as you pass, furtive figures loom out of the shadows to accost you, hands pluck at your sleeves.

Some of the black-out touts masquerade as news-vendors, carrying a few papers under their arms to disguise their real business.

You meet others in West End saloon bars, leaning up against the counters ready to get in touch with strangers.

Not all the touts are men. Many of the ladies of the town, finding the black-out unprofitable for their profession, are making money by touting for various shady night haunts.

AS most of the clubs make it a rule to return the entrance fee paid to the tout, the usual commission ranges from half-a-crown to five shillings for every customer introduced.

Here's a warning if ever you spend a night out in the West End: Never set foot inside a club to which a tout endeavours to "steer" you.

They'll paint for you the most enticing pictures of the entertainment you can expect—and maybe the talking will be done by a pretty and perfectly charming girl—but don't be foolish.

Don't be what the "wide" side of Soho calls a "mug."

Remember that the respectable bottle parties and night-clubs do not employ touts. On the contrary, it is almost impossible to pass their suave but firm receptionists unless your name is among the members or you possess a proper invitation.

I could name some very famous people who have been turned away from the better-class night spots simply because they were not bona-fide guests.

But the "clip" joints, whose touts rove the black-out for customers, are not so particular. They are out to "take you for a ride," to "clip" as much as they can from your bankroll, and anyone with money to spend is welcome.

The description "club" means nothing, for you are admitted without question so long as you don't look like a "bogey," which is Soho slang for a plain-clothes policeman.

In place of the gilt-engraved guest card of the ritzy bottle party, these dens substitute the whispered

The black-out aids the furtive touts of the West End to escape the vigilance of the Police Force

invitation of the shady-looking individual who sidles up to you from the shadows.

Some of them are mere all-night bars. They make no pretence of being anything else. There is no music, or food or cabaret—nothing but a bar and a couple of "fruit" machines stuck against the wall of a tiny room.

"Social" clubs they call them, and they are allowed by law to remain open until eleven. But since the war many greedy proprietors have been unable to resist the temptation of big profits, and are keeping open right through the night.

After midnight, beer costs 1s. 6d. a glass and a whisky-and-soda a couple of bob.

But bottle parties, clubs and all-night bars are not all that London after dark has to offer.

Many of the more unsavoury dives are gateways to all kinds of vice, from gambling to "queer" erotic parties and private "blue" cinemas, where your seat will cost you £1 and the show will be as disgusting as anything ever exhibited in Paris.

You can play poker, roulette, chemin-de-fer, or shoot dice for really big money if you feel inclined. There are touts about to introduce you to all sorts of gambling dens in and around the West End.

RUMMY and dice are Soho favourites. Other card parties are played in quiet apartments around Park Lane.

Organised with even greater secrecy are the odd all-night and week-end parties held in big private houses in the Maida Vale district.

There was one running until quite recently where a £5 fee was charged for a week-end of the most amazing orgies. All the "guests"—men and girls—had to strip as soon as they entered the house, and for two days they indulged in all sorts of astonishing "games" and entertainments.

NEXT WEEK: SECRETS OF LONDON'S HARLEM.

The Human Machine

As Old As Thought

THERE is every reason why we should associate age and wisdom. Nobody can jeer at the wisdom of the ancients, and wisdom is as old as the first man who started to weave a pattern of his thoughts, after a lifetime of pondering and watching.

Many persons spend their lives seeking the secret of happiness without ever thinking that they have only to turn to those who discovered the recipe more than 2,000 years ago.

Among them was Epictetus, a Roman slave who became a great teacher when freed by his master. He knew it all.

"You will be unconquerable if you enter into no combat in which it is not in your own power to conquer," he said. "When you see anyone eminent in honours, or power, or in high esteem on any other account, take heed not to be hurried away with appearance and pronounce him happy."

"For, if the essence of good consists of things in our own power, there will be no room for envy or emulation. But, for your part, do not wish to be a general, or a senator, or a consul, but to be free; and the only way to this is a contempt for things not in our own power."

That is a great thought, now 2,000 years old.

Let us see what modern science has to say on the same subject.

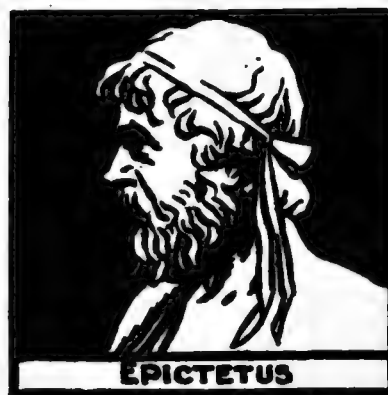
Professor Thorndike, a famous American psychologist, said:—

"It is a common fallacy in human conduct to try to do a thing merely because someone else has done it with success. Jones made a fortune by speculating in stocks. Why not I?"

"Miss Smith went on the stage and is a great actress. Why not I?"

"The reason is that you are not Jones or Miss Smith."

"The fallacy is the neglect of differ-



EPICTETUS

ences in capacity. To know our powers and our limitations is the first step towards using them wisely. Many of our failures are due to forgetfulness of our limitations; many of our missed opportunities are due to forgetfulness of our powers."

Wisdom is so old that when we have nothing else to do we should dip into some of these ancient writers.

There's a lot to be learnt from them.

When there's a War, there's a Geddes..

"DISCOVERED" by Lloyd George in the last war, Sir Auckland Geddes bobbed up again when this one threatened.

He is now Regional Commissioner for the South-Eastern Division.

A year ago, when war clouds began to gather, he became adviser to Sir John Anderson, Civil Defence Minister. As such, he started issuing advice that he was soon contradicting, and making prophecies which did not come true.

In this respect he was no better or worse than many others who were too eager for their judgment to be right.

He spent months, for instance, in trying to make housewives build their store cupboards in case war came. Then, when war did come, he told them how unpatriotic it was to buy more food than they actually needed.

Like other people in high places, who had made a great study of what had happened during the air raids in Spain, Sir Auckland behaved as though the same sort of thing would immediately happen here.

If half his prophecies had come true, half Britain would now have been in ruins.

Another of Sir Auckland's forecasts ended in a joke. Last January he announced that "a Ministry of National Services already exists in skeleton form, and a young active man has been selected to be the Minister."

Actually, the job is now part of the Ministry of Labour, the young and active head of which is the Right Hon. Ernest Brown.

A month later Sir Auckland said some very biting things about young mothers

Britain's A.R.P. Generals—No. 4 BY HANNEN SWAFFER

who were parking their children on other people while they went off to drive ambulances.

"Such people," he said, "are running away from the real war service of looking after their youngsters properly. That is a first duty."

Still in those days, doing anything seemed better than doing nothing. And what was done was largely thanks to Sir Auckland.

He went out on a great campaign to inspire "a resurgence of the spirit of the war years."

He started a war against Apathy. He did a lot to call attention to the A.R.P. Now they are actually axing the institution he helped to build.

The word "axing" came from the famous phrase "the Geddes axe."

Actually, it was his brother Sir Eric who got the blame for this, although Sir Auckland cannot escape all the responsibility.

APOINTED towards the end of the last war to lop down wasteful Government expenditure, Eric Geddes started axing with so much billyho that good trees began to fall everywhere.

Social services were grossly cut down,

with lasting and terrible effects upon our national life.

In those days, the Diehards had a fine time. They hated Education. They objected to Health. They despised Old Age. All suffered.

Born in Edinburgh of a well-to-do Scot, the brothers Geddes were strangely different types.

Eric, big and hearty, went into Big Business.

Auckland, lean and comparatively cadaverous, became a surgeon—studying at Freiburg, Edinburgh and London, and then teaching anatomy at Edinburgh, Dublin and Montreal, where later he became a Professor at McGill University.

Appointed by L.G. in 1916 as Director of Recruiting at the War Office, he became a stern opponent of Conscription.

Last June, however, like Sir John Simon, who opposed Conscription in the last war, he changed his mind. He realised that it was only fair to France to pass the Military Training Act.

In 1917 he became Minister of National Services. Then, in turn, President of the Local Government Board, Minister of Reconstruction, and President of the Board of Trade.



"If half his prophecies had come true, half Britain would now be in ruins"

When, in 1920, he went to Washington as Ambassador, it seemed that, at the end of his four years, his public services were ended.

But then, four months after Munich, he was busy again.

While he was speaking in Liverpool on the need for National Service, unemployed men in the audience clamoured for work.

HE had to shout to make himself heard—until the workless men were thrown out.

The Government was mismanaging things shamefully. All over the country well-paid people were being engaged to do jobs that unemployed could have done as well if not better.

And what the workless people wanted for food, these incompetents were spending at bridge clubs and for lipstick.

Last July Sir Auckland tried to serve his country really well.

"I have information from Germany that there is still a belief in important circles that Britain would agree to anything rather than face the ordeal of war," he said.

He realised that all the silly people who had been talking to von Ribbentrop, entertaining him, making a fuss of him, and utterly misrepresenting the opinion of our country, had helped to encourage in Germany a condition that meant a drift to war.

He tried to stop it. Hitler did not listen—that is, if he was ever told.

Well, soon Sir Auckland, sensing how things were going, became a Regional Commissioner.

He did his job thoroughly. He organised in the South-East of England some of the most thorough tests of A.R.P. defences that the country has seen.

Well, just as Hore-Belisha was nearly run over when opening his first Belisha crossing, Sir Auckland had an accident.

AFTER saying angry things about people who would stand in the middle of the street watching anti-aircraft shells bursting—"There's nothing brave in that," he said—he was searching out one of his searching A.R.P. tests at Hastings when a woman cyclist knocked him down.

He had to go to bed for several days. "Naturally sore," said a bulletin, "and shaken up by his experience."

As that was on September 22, less than three weeks after war had started, he was almost one of our first war casualties.

Well, now, although he is sixty, Sir Auckland is still regarded as "that young man."

He enlisted in the Boer War. He did big jobs in the World War. Now in the third conflict of his experience, he is helping to safeguard you and me in another little scrap.

The More-Babies Battle

BEHIND the scenes, at the Ministry of Health and in the Registrar-General's Office, experts are grappling with figures in a war effort that is considered in terms of ten, twenty, thirty years.

THEIR CONCERN IS BABIES.

Except for a slight recent increase, there are too few babies being born in this country, and these experts want to know how to make the nation "child-conscious."

The war itself may help.

War speeds up marriage. In the last quarter for which figures are available, including the first war month, marriages in England and Wales showed a record increase of 36,000 to 157,358.

Births in the same quarter were 15.5 a 1,000, a slight rise on 1938's full-year figure of 15.1.

YET Health Minister Walter Elliot is not depending on artificial conditions to solve his problem. War is also a killer of husbands and prospective husbands, and it drives hundreds of thousands of women, single and married into the war effort and away from child-bearing.

Even with the birth-rate at 15.5, it is less than half the 35 a 1,000 persons that it was in 1871, and a little more than the "lowest ever" decline to 14 a 1,000 in 1913.

Consider the relative figures of the five chief European countries—Allied, enemy, hostile and neutral. Here are their births per 1,000 population, last year's figures:—

Britain, 15.1; France, 14.7; Germany, 18.8; Russia, 44.1; Italy, 22.9.

Bonuses and loans to encourage

Perplexed by Britain's low birth-rate, experts are preparing to revive the proposed "bonuses for babies"

motherhood have produced a boom in babies in the last five years in Germany and Italy.

France followed a few weeks ago by giving from £12 to £17 to all newlywed wives to encourage big families.

Health Minister Walter Elliot now has before him the first crop of information secretly collected under the much-debated "Nosey Parker" Population (Statistics) Act carried through Parliament by his predecessor, Sir Kingsley Wood, with the object of probing the cause of Britain's "fewer babies" problem.

Till such facts were revealed, Parliament rejected a proposal to give allowances to big families. That proposal has now been revived.

Every mother whose husband is covered by National Health Insurance at present receives maternity benefit of £2, and there is an annual tax relief for parents of payment on £60 of income for each child up to the age of sixteen.

These are "bonuses for babies," but more spectacular methods may be needed to make Britain "child-conscious."

A recent German concert broadcast to troops in the Siegfried Line was interrupted by a gramophone record of a new-born infant's amusing cries, followed by the reading of a long list of babies born to men in the Line.

Announcement of the arrival of the

seventh son in one soldier's family was coupled with the news that Hitler would be godfather to the child.

A Berlin firm provided free perambulators for the first twenty-five babies on the list.

A bell peals every twelve minutes in Berlin, a reminder that every twelve minutes a baby is born in the Reich.

Bonuses are handed out everywhere in Germany to large families—16s. a month for the third child, £1 12s. for the fourth, and so on until they are sixteen. "Dowry loans" are paid to girls.

Marriages rose by 96,000 to 740,000 in 1939. Births sank to their lowest level of 971,000 in 1933, but have now increased to 1,700,000, although this is still a hundred thousand below the average of 1,800,000 in the pre-1914 days.

The population increased by 357,854 to 44,530,000 in Italy in 1939. Mussolini has spent £3,700,000 in subsidising the birth-rate in the last four years. He pays bonuses for babies, grants dowry insurances to young workers, gives preference to fathers of large families in all Government employment, and taxes bachelors heavily.

HE constantly gives prizes to prolific couples.

Latest instance of this was his presentation of ten guineas and a diploma to each of 188 mothers who had 1,624 children among them.

The first batch of facts under the Population (Statistics) Bill, provide enlightenment about the number and distribution of childless marriages in Britain.

M.P.s and the public now want to know the facts so that the nation can add to its war effort a big drive forward in the Battle for Babies.

INSIDE BRITAIN-2

Neutral observers have been telling readers of English morning newspapers what is happening INSIDE GERMANY, but it is just as important that we should see what is happening INSIDE BRITAIN.

*By a
Neutral*

SMILING THROUGH

If ever I did anything incomprehensible as a schoolboy in Belgium, my father would say to me: "You must be an Englishman!"

I bought a watch for four shillings and, repenting my purchase, sold it for two. "You must be an Englishman!"

I wrote a school essay in reversed writing, and could give no reason whatsoever for my rash act. "You must be an Englishman!" said my teacher.

Everybody used the phrase then. Many Belgians use it to-day. It implies no criticism of Britain whatsoever.

It is just our way of saying that some particular act is quixotic and absolutely inexplicable—and the Englishman, as we see him, would rather die than have a logical reason for everything he did.

Well, I was taking a special war time look at the Englishman all last week.

I will describe my experiences day by day. Truly you are an inscrutable race. You may have reasons for most things, but they just escape me.

* * *

SUNDAY.—I went to Hyde Park. I heard Britons speaking of Britons as if they were responsible for all the world's ills—the present war included.

I looked at the policemen present at these meetings. They seemed to be smiling.

I heard one orator make the most sinister accusations against the personal character of one of your most go-ahead Cabinet Ministers.

"Do you know," I told one constable, "that if I were to say one-half as much against Britain in most neutral countries as that man is saying here, I would be imprisoned?"

"I dare say," he replied. "But as long as you don't arrest that man, most people know that his rubbish is lies. Run him in and they'll start believing him."

Neutral journalists in London, by the way, can get the most drastic criticism of Britain passed for publication by your Ministry of Information.

Their own editors are more censorious than your censors. They either cut the criticisms out altogether or tone them down.

They can't understand your Ministry of Information. Nor can they understand why you all but exaggerate your losses, and keep your victories up your sleeves for days.

Yet they are beginning to add: "But they do get themselves believed. Perhaps they are right, after all!"

MONDAY.—As I walked past one of the biggest business houses in Holborn, members of the staff were indulging in A.R.P. exercises.

In the front hall, amateur firemen in uniform were running up and down ladders. Stretcher-bearers were every-

where. "Victims" were laid out, waiting for medical attention.

I know with what grim seriousness these exercises would be taken in my own country—and we are not at war.

Here? Passers-by in the street laughed outright at the joke. Workers in that particular building turned aside to hide their smiles. The A.R.P. workers themselves looked a little self-conscious about it.

There's hardly a man on the Continent who could think of a reason why.

And personally, I'm not going to compliment you on this attitude. It's a most serious business. There's no joke in it whatsoever—although, I suppose, to hear a neutral expressing an opinion on it is, to you, funnier still.

TUESDAY.—Visiting three South Coast resorts, I was astounded to find many hotels filled with people who, according to quite reliable information given to me, are there for the duration of the war.

They sit in warm, glass-shielded conservatories overlooking the cruel-looking sea on which British boys are risking their lives to protect them.

Some of them had businesses when the war broke out. They have sold them. Some have never had a job or a business in their lives.

They do not represent Money. I happen to know from a Board of Trade friend of mine that hundreds of the biggest industrialists in this country are voluntarily submitting their costings to the Government so that nobody will be able to accuse them of war profiteering.

I know, too, that where industries have been put on a war basis, and work is in progress for 24 hours in every day, directors are sleeping at their factories.

No, these people who have run away to seaside hotels for the duration represent Idle Money.

They're not risking a penny to help give Britain that bumper export trade that may yet win the war.

"I know with what seriousness these exercises would be taken in my country . . . but what is the reaction of the British onlooker?"

"War time investment is too risky," one of them told me.

They're not supplying a penny for war loan. They believe it is safer to buy goods, transportable goods—for such people, like the Nazi leaders who are buying works of art, are always ready to be on the run.

"My turnover is 35 per cent. up," said an antique dealer in one of those three resorts. "Inflation being one of the things they are afraid of, they put their money into goods—and so help to create inflation."

Some of you British people are so busy watching the people who are using their money to help win the war, and are prepared to lose that money if necessary, that you don't notice these people.

I hope your Chancellor spots them for you. . . .

WEDNESDAY.—Seeing Piccadilly Circus lit with many flashing torches, I remembered a night in 1917 in one of the prohibited areas of Scotland.

I was spending my leave there in Belgian Army uniform, the Germans having overrun my own country. And, at 10 at night, I struck a match to light a cigarette.

I was pounced on by the law in a second. Only the fact that I represented an ally saved me from arrest. "Do you want to bring the Germans here?" asked a policeman.

To-day you black-out your streets so completely that anybody is lucky who has escaped some sort of minor "war wound."

You can't use a torch-light in your bedroom to find a collar-stud because should one-third of the light show through the window, a warden will be after you.

But you can display the whole light in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, the hub of the Empire. Thousands of people can do it at the same time.

There is too little light for the community, in my opinion—and too much for the utterly selfish. But when I tell British people this, they only grin.

THURSDAY.—A friend who lives in Islington showed me his rates demand. I was staggered at the size of it.

"We have so many poor people here," he said. "Our rates are necessarily high."

I tackled another man who lives in Westminster. He is quite satisfied with his rates. "There's not much poverty here," he said.

What's that got to do with the war? I'll tell you.

My Islington friend complains that you can't expect his local council to supply air raid shelters as good as some of the richer boroughs, because "we're so poor already, and the rates are high enough as it is."

What has happened, it seems to me, is that, without any intention of being unfair, you have just blundered into a rating system that penalises the poorer boroughs just as effectively as if it were all deliberate.

And, being British, and stubborn, and incomprehensible, you just won't change it.

FRIDAY.—Five British working-men gathered round a dart board—I play the game myself, and it has enabled me to meet some very fine British people—agreed unanimously that conscription was the only fair way.

To have found five British workmen who held such views seven years ago, when Hitler rose to power, would have entailed a search of one of your biggest industrial towns.

You are a strangely conservative race—in peace time. Nothing will change you then. But after two days of war you can transform yourself.

That's one thing that Hitler, who grew to regard you as a very tranquil crowd, will never, never understand.

SATURDAY.—"What, no football to-day?" asked a Cockney—one of a party of four of us who had gone to see a game, only to find it had been abandoned.

"The sooner they stop this blasted war the better. Let the people who start wars do the fighting."

"Why, stone me sideways, if you didn't tell me only yesterday that this was a war that had got to be fought," said his surprised friend. "You told me distinctly that this time it was the people who had made the Government go to war."

The Cockney grinned sheepishly. "Fraps I did," he agreed. "But—no football!"

* * *

When my father used to tell me: "You must be an Englishman!" he really meant, "You must be a Briton!" for the Scottish and Welsh borders mean very little to the people of Continental countries.

You do some strangely un-understandable things, you Britons. That, we neutrals think, is why you get tangled up in war blunders.

But you are so determined at heart. That's why you win your wars after you have messed them about a bit.



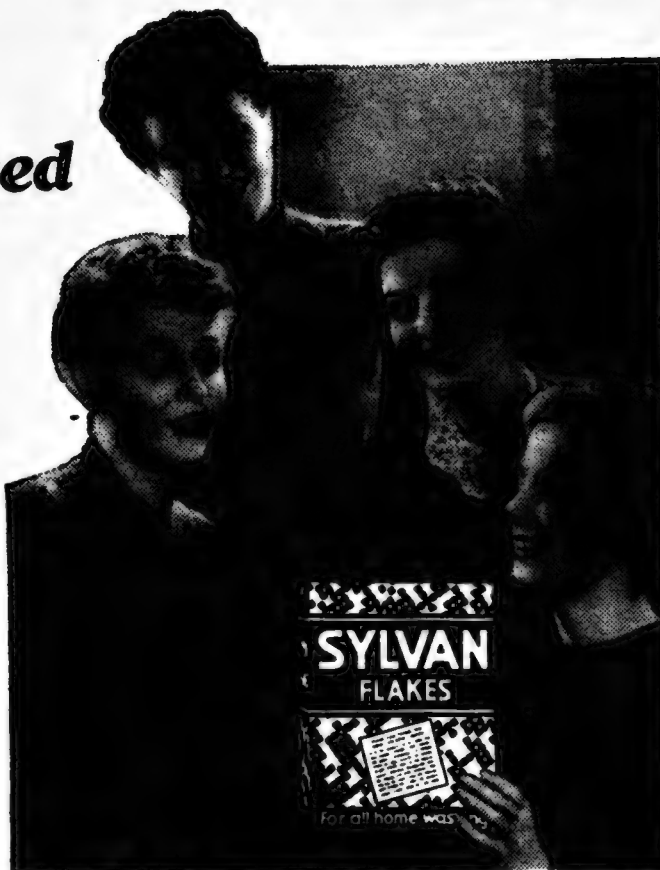
Dr. P. J. J. BONNEL, well-known representative in London of several important Continental newspapers, looks at war time Britain.

"We thought safe soap flakes had to be expensive — until we discovered SYLVAN FLAKES"

SAY THESE MODERN HOUSEWIVES

"We were used to paying a stiffish price for soap flakes. We thought we had to pay a lot to get safe Soap Flakes.

Then we discovered Sylvan Flakes. We found we not only got a much bigger packet, but we discovered with our own hands that Sylvan Flakes were as pure and as soft as soap flakes that cost almost twice as much. Why, we use Sylvan Flakes now for everything we wash, instead of just buying expensive soap flakes for a few things."



WHY WOMEN EVERYWHERE ARE CHANGING TO SYLVAN FLAKES

WOOLLENS WON'T SHRINK

You're washing the safety first way with Sylvan Flakes. Woollens are restored to springy lightness—no stretching, bagging or shrinking. Into the water go the Sylvan Flakes—glistening white, light and pure—up come suds like magic. Very soon—out come your woollens—and when they're dry they'll look as if they'd just come off your knitting needles. There's a £1,000 guarantee that Sylvan Flakes won't shrink woollens.



WASHES CLEANER

Extra rubbing can't wash clothes as clean as gentle Sylvan Flakes. Scientific washing tests against expensive flakes prove that Sylvan Flakes wash garments cleaner. Sylvan Flakes gently penetrate the fabric. White comes out white. Coloureds show their real colours—not a trace of soap is left in the fabric. Things stored away in your drawers don't get that rancid smell, they stay sweet and clean-smelling.



PURITY—NO SODA

Beware! You can wear out delicate fabrics quicker by washing than by wearing if you use harsh soaps or powders containing soda. Feel the effect of harsh soaps on your own hands—what a menace to woollens, silks and linens! Sylvan Flakes do not contain soda. Sylvan Flakes are pure soap—the safest for anything from paint to your own skin! Next time you go shopping, remember: Sylvan Flakes double the value.

EASY ON THE HANDS
If you value your hands you simply must use Sylvan Flakes for your washing. Sylvan Flakes contain absolutely no soda.



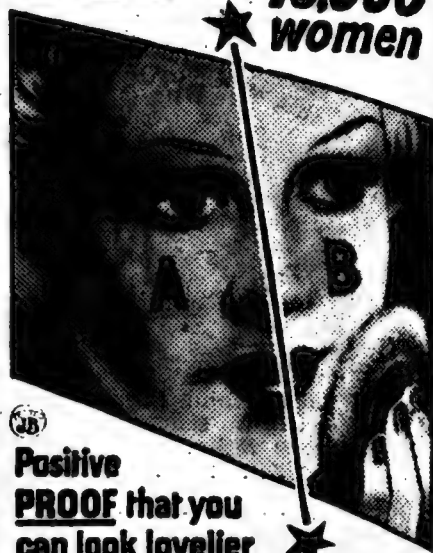
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OTHER ECONOMY SIZES 6d & 3½d.

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STRANGE FACE POWDER TEST astounds 10,000 women



Positive **PROOF** that you can look lovelier

Make this **TEST TODAY**

An amazing new discovery in face powders. A wonderful new ingredient which beautifies the skin. Gives new life and radiance. Makes sallow dull complexions glow with youthful, natural colour. And makes the powder stay on—even in wind and rain and in spite of perspiration. Ends shiny nose. This patented ingredient is called "Mousse of Cream." Obtainable only in Poudre Tokalon.

A TRULY SENSATIONAL OFFER

Powder one half of your face with Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" powder—and the other half with any ordinary powder. If the "Mousse of Cream" side does not look fresher, younger, lovelier, than the other, the price of your Poudre Tokalon refunded in full.

ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS Get this Free Booklet!

READERS should know of the instant relief given by Potter's Asthma Cure. Fill in the coupon on page 37 for a free copy of a valuable booklet which explains the benefit obtained from a remedy with more than a half a century's reputation, and how sufferers from Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., can get immediate relief from these distressing maladies. Cut out coupon now and post at once for free booklet.

Chapped hands

HEAL THEM OVERNIGHT BY RUBBING IN

Snowfire Tablet

3rd Family Size 6d & 7d
Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d

An ounce or two of Victory V Warms me up on A.R.P.

Victory V
AT YOUR SHEET SHOP
4½ 2oz
★ WARMING
★ COMFORTING
★ PROTECTING
SEND SOME IN YOUR BOYS NEXT PARCEL

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

MR. PICKERING'S LAST DITCH



This is Tom Campbell, self-styled Miracle Man. One of the most dangerous charlatans in the country, he has recently been demonstrating his quackery in a departmental store.

Public Benefactor

READERS are helping me more than ever in my crusade against trickery and injustice by their alertness in spotting the rams that are increasing so rapidly these days.

Each week I send a guinea to the reader whose information I consider to be of most use. This week it goes to Mr. F. G. Cook, of Trederwen Road, London Fields, E.8, for detecting the new guise of a man whose racket I exposed some years ago.

Keep up the good work. It helps to save hundreds of people from being victimized.

Mark your envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

WATCH 'EM!

SAYING that he represents "Bartons," who are "opening a new shop in the neighbourhood," a man is collecting garments for free cleaning as a trial order in London suburbs.

He offers a receipt and a pamphlet (both without any address), mentions a street in which the new shop can be found, and that's the end of him.

* * *

Polish Them Off!

HOUSEWIVES in the provinces are also being fooled by women selling polish. They claim that it is made by the well-known firm of S. C. Johnson and Son, Ltd., of West Drayton, Middlesex, but it is rubbish, and Messrs. Johnson say they know nothing of these hawkers.

They never employ canvassers, and all their products are packed in distinctive containers bearing their name and address.

* * *

A Catch in It!

ANOTHER "snowball" with the luring slogan of "3 pairs of stockings for 3d." is being "rolled" by the Wearwell Hosiery Company, of Terrapin Road, Balham, London.

There is the usual "simple sale" of vouchers to five friends and then their friends.

* * *

Bad Luck Nonsense

MANY readers are still being pestered with chain letters, and a further caution is indicated. One young girl, whose name appeared in a newspaper, received three in a few days.

The letter supposed to have been started by an officer in Flanders during the last war seems to be the favourite.

If you receive a chain letter don't worry about the bad luck threatened through failing to pass it on.

It is all nonsense. Throw it away!

"Yes, this is 143-145, King's Road, Brighton."

AS a bare sentence that is puzzling, yet when I tell you the story behind it you will be as gratified as I was when I heard it over the telephone.

It was the last stage in my pursuit of wily C. J. Pickering, alias the Catherine Press, United Kingdom Holiday Guide, British Travel Association, and so on.

Like that arch rogue, H. J. Herbert, alias Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., and Rentit, Ltd., Pickering is a bad loser. They are not associated in any way, but when they are beaten in the courts their affinity is marked.

"Welshers" both, they don't always pay.

A landlady, one of hundreds caught by Pickering's vast-guide book racket, secured a judgment against him and was awarded thirty shillings costs.

After several months, she issued an execution on the Catherine Press, at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., but the warrant was returned to her marked "gone away."

That is where my search began.

The telephone number of the Catherine Press, of Wellington Street, London, W.C., is Temple Bar 4636. That of the United Kingdom Holiday Guide, of Minerva House, Wellington Street, is also Temple Bar 4636.

A call put through at 11.10 a.m. on January 24 met with the report that no subscriber was working on that number.

I then tried the British Travel Association, of Catherine Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2 (Temple Bar 4637), with the same result.

A search at Somerset House revealed the registered address of the Catherine Press, parent of all Pickering's publications, as Arundel House, Arundel Street, London, W.C.

That proved to be the office of a firm of accountants.

No one actually connected with the Catherine Press was there.

I knew that hundreds of "blue frighteners" were being issued from 143-145, King's Road, Brighton, but, in finding Pickering, that might simply be another turning in the maze.

A recent search at Somerset House showed one of the two shareholders of the Catherine Press to be C. J. Pickering, described as an "hotel proprietor," of Salisbury Hotel, Brighton.

Among the Catherine Press publications is a Motorists' Handbook, and in it I found an advertisement for the Salisbury Hotel.

Telephone number was Hove 3031.

Calling that number and asking whether it was 143-145, King's Road, Brighton, brought the reply that "solved the problem, my dear Watson."

The Debt Recovery Department of the Catherine Press, alias Salisbury Hotel, is Pickering's last ditch. From it he is trying to wring his pound of flesh from the landladies bamboozled into signing on the dotted line by his trick advertisement canvassers.

I trust that by now the bailiff will have levied execution on "Welsher" Pickering.



Stopped "Cure" to Count Cash

ON the stage of a small theatre at a store in Croydon, in South London, a young man in a black cloak with a green hood was professing to cure invalids while his assistant moved among the audience with a collecting box.

When the collector returned to the

stage, the hooded young man stopped work on a man he claimed to be hypnotising, and went behind the backcloth to count the collection.

In a few minutes he was back to announce with biting scorn that he had been given only 10s. 6d.

He sent his assistant among the audience again, and when he brought back only another 4s. 2d. the "healer" was angry.

"I can go to a country town for one day and come back with fifty guineas," he declared.

"Some people pay me a fee of 100 guineas," he added.

He did not tell his audience that among those who had paid this fee was the poor widowed mother of a boy who died in Manchester twelve days after she had been assured that the lad would live.

It was a heartless deception, and I accuse Tom Campbell, this self-styled Miracle Man, of being among the most dangerous charlatans in the country.

Most afternoons he stages his humbugging performance at this Croydon store.

* * *

If it were given simply as a show, it would merely be a matter of whether people thought it was worth going to see as an entertainment. But it claims to be an exhibition of healing.

When a JOHN BULL investigator visited the theatre, a pale, tired-looking woman of about thirty was on the stage.

Campbell declared she had been suffering from hæmophilia. He had saved her life.

She sat in a chair while Campbell, making "passes" with his hands over her head and body, declared he was hypnotising her.

After a great deal of talk, during most of which he hid the woman from view by standing in front of her, Campbell counted three. The woman opened her eyes, stood up and walked to a seat in the hall.

So this man's hollow sham goes on.

Another Cruel Racket

CONSUMPTION cure in a 9d. packet of herbs is a cruel racket recently started that buoys up the hopes of victims of this dreadful scourge.

"Guinea Prescription Free" pamphlets now being distributed claim that the recipe has been furnished by the daughter of a clergyman who was dying from consumption.

Some shops have these pamphlets on their counters, and stock the packets of herbs.

Probably the concoction is harmless, but anyone who bothers with it will be exceedingly foolish.

The Hook in the Bait

Manufacturers have vacancies, ladies, gentlemen. Genuine artistic employment. . . . Industries, Newman Street, London.

Ladies and gentlemen of social standing required. Interesting war time handwork. . . . Units, Newman Street, London.

These advertisements, appearing in provincial papers, cloak the threadbare homework bait of Mitchell and Co. (Leathercraft), Ltd. Applicants receive a stereotyped letter explaining that

vacancies advertised are for "private staff workers and saleswomen in our business."

Yet, as the letter reveals after more gush about easy work and good profits, all this amounts to is the offer, "for a nominal subscription of 50s." of instructions on how to make gloves and other articles at home!

There is some vague promise to buy the goods, but in these fee-catching homework offers that is not worth the paper on which it is typed.

Aces of the Secret Service

WE all laughed when Nazi publicity agents accused British Secret Service men of hatching the Munich bomb plot. Nothing could have been crazier.

British agents bring off some astonishing coups, but they don't work that way.

And there is no better way to show how the British Secret Service does work than to describe the amazing adventures of Agent 325H, Sergeant Tony Mortimer, when he set out to uncover the secrets of Germany's fighting aircraft a few months after the outbreak of the last war. German pilots appeared in a new Fokker aeroplane, and the Air Force Command had a bad attack of jitters.

The new fighter could travel as fast as sin and could climb like an angel, said British pilots. And it was equipped with a new machine-gun that fired through the propeller.

BRITISH fighters were then crazy "kites" of wood and silk, boasting a single Lewis machine gun mounted in the rear cockpit. It could only be fired when the aeroplane was running away from the enemy!

The observer could loose only one short burst before he was too far away from his target for the fire to be effective.

The new Fokkers came down out of the clouds hell-bent, their guns spitting death. The longer they kept on firing the nearer they were to their targets.

Within three weeks this new machine-gun established a definite German air superiority and looked like blasting Allied planes out of the sky.

We had to discover the secret of the new gun, or give Germany full control of the air.

The only way to get details was to send a spy to Berlin. And young, fresh-checked Tony Mortimer, a sergeant in the British Intelligence Police, was chosen to do the job.

NOT long down from Oxford, Tony had taken German for his degree.

Through having spent most of his vacations in Berlin, he spoke German as a native and knew the enemy capital as well as he did London.

For four days, Intelligence kept Tony Mortimer memorising lists of names and addresses of his "relatives," supposed to be living in certain obscure German hamlets. Plan after plan of these same

● Dr. Goebbels paints the British Secret Service as an evil society of assassins. He lies about it because he fears it . . .

The truth about the Service will be told in this series. We present to you a thrilling record of some of the greatest adventures of the brave men who work for Britain within the enemy's citadels.

By LOUIS C. MANSFIELD,

the writer, who was once a private detective, and who, as a code and forgery expert, has made an intensive study of International Secret Service methods.



No.1 - BRITAIN'S BRAVEST

villages was thrust under his nose until he could draw them blindfold.

The names of prominent business men and politicians were hammered into him with the names of outstanding sportsmen and athletes.

He was forced to memorise the rules of many schoolboy games played by German children.

In four days he was made into a German who had been born in the Fatherland.

Then came the nerve-wracking, soul-wearying examination feared by all agents about to make "their first trip over."

Acting as German Secret Police, two Intelligence officers bombarded him with questions.

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"What is the name and address of the grocer your family dealt with while you were living in X?"

"What history book did you use when you were in the 4th grade at Y?"

"You claim to be a carpenter? Then, tell us how you make a mitre."

ONLY when he was word perfect was he shipped off to Berlin, by way of Holland, with a forged passport, and a pocketful of marks.

"Don't come back until you've got the information!" he was told.

Tony had made numerous friends in Berlin before the war and there was a fear that one of them would recognise him.

So he did not stay long in the capital.

A few discreet enquiries convinced him that the Fokker experimental factory was his best bet.

Leaving Berlin, he found a job in the vicinity of the factory and began to frequent the "bier-haus" at which the aircraft mechanics and riggers bought their beer. Eventually he scraped acquaintances with some of them.

As often as possible, he recounted hair-raising stories, supposed to have been told to him by a "cousin in the Air Force."

"Our fellows are expected to tackle three or four English planes at the same time," he complained. "It's not fair. The Government ought to do something about it."

They ought to increase the size of the Air Force, or they ought to invent something special that will make up for the deficiency in numbers."

"They've invented it," remarked one of his new 'friends' laconically.

"We have a new machine-gun that fires through the propeller. It'll blow English aircraft out of the sky."

"Oh, I've heard all about that," said Tony as though he knew all. "My cousin in the Air Force told me that some of his fellows tried to mount a machine-gun so they'd fire through the propeller."

"All they did was blow the ends off the propeller blades and crash their own machine. Every one else who has tried it has done the same."

"Our gun fires the bullets through the propeller, but they don't even touch the blades," he was told.

"How could it!" came the dogmatic answer. "An aeroplane propeller revolves much faster than a machine-gun can fire. It must riddle the blades."

"Not if the gun's geared directly to the crankshaft of the propeller," the mechanic insisted. "In that way you can time the bullets so they'll pass through the propeller before the blade comes around."

THE secret was out. It was so simple that it was a wonder the Allies hadn't thought of it before.

Simply gear the striking mechanism of the machine-gun to the crankshaft of the propeller so that

it could not possibly fire while one of the blades was in the way.

Next day, Tony Mortimer was on his way back to England.

His success enabled us to equalise the balance of air power. And it started him off on the career that was to put him among the most useful spies we ever had.

After that first trip Tony was sent back to Germany, again and again, on various "missions spéciales!" and each time he "brought home the bacon."

HE penetrated Germany Austria twenty times between December, 1914, and August, 1918.

He organised a band of spies in Berlin and Essen, fomented labour difficulties that reduced the output of munitions, he completely disorganised the German railway transport system, and, somehow or other, he managed to find a number of Germans in "key" positions who were prepared to sell first-class information for English gold.

He even had the courage to dress as a German officer and, walking into a police station, demand the instant arrest of a major whose secret papers he wanted.

Sergeant Tony Mortimer was directly responsible for the collapse and surrender of Lettow von Vorbeck's army in Africa.

Accompanied by a strong force, von Vorbeck had raided, sabotaged and battled, but the British force was powerless to overpower him.

The General Staff had to content

Madelaine managed to slip him a pistol . . . He blasted his way to freedom.

have carried on until the end of hostilities. As it was, he was starved into surrender.

Mortimer's greatest escapade was penetrating the German forward lines, behind Moreuil, to learn the dispositions of their troops in August, 1918.

The Allies were eager to deliver a death-blow, and they had reason to believe that the weakest spot in the German lines was immediately in front of General Rawlinson's 4th Army.

Tony Mortimer was ordered to disguise himself in the uniform of a German prisoner and to make his way to the German lines, staggering in from No-Man's Land on the pretext that he had been cut off in the fighting.

He attached himself to a battalion that was going back to rest, when he was noticed by a *Leutnant*, who ordered him to report to the *Herr Kapitän* when the unit reached its billets.

INSTEAD of reporting, Tony faded away and made for a local estaminet, where his fiancée, Madeline M., lived with her father.

He had made so many trips across this area that he had found time to fall in love with a local girl. They had even planned their wedding.

It was too dangerous for Madeline to hide him. So he set off on his tour of the future battle-ground after a few minutes with her.

Four days later, when he had seen and heard all that he wished, he decided to visit his fiancée for a last good-bye.

As soon as he set foot in the village he was pounced on by two German Secret policemen, who were examining the papers of all soldiers in the area.

His failure to report had started a first-class spy-hunt.

Unfortunately, the prisoner from whom he had taken his uniform belonged to Prince Rupprecht's Division, then fifty miles away.

His presence in the village meant that he was either a spy or a deserter.

Arrested on suspicion, he managed to cajole his captors into allowing him one last drink at the estaminet.

At an opportune moment, Madeline managed to slip him a Mauser pistol, with which, half an hour later, he blasted his way to freedom, killing two members of the Secret Police.

He made his way to the front areas and "filtered" through the lines to a British outpost.

The information he brought back allowed Rawlinson's Army to deliver its famous offensive.

NOT often is a spy publicly commended for his work.

But Tony Mortimer was cited for his bravery, gazetted Lieutenant, and publicly commended by both Marshal Foch and the then Sir Douglas Haig.

In a story book, Tony Mortimer would have lived to "marry the girl and live happily ever after."

But the Fates were not so kind. Tony was killed by a stray bullet six days before the Armistice.

His Madeline died at Amlens in 1930.

NEXT WEEK:
SPIES RESCUE THE KAISER'S SON.

Big Bertha's Big Sister

Nazi artillery experts think they can terrify Britain by threatening to bombard cities with their latest Bigger Big Bertha, but these facts show what little damage they can do.

ADMIRATION of the "Kolos-sal" has always been a German trait. And Germany's latest Colossus is a Bigger Big Bertha. This gun, a 11.02-inch weapon, firing a shell weighing more than 3 cwt., is said to have a range of 155 miles.

If mounted on the Belgian coast, it could shell London.

Yet British ordnance experts are not worried.

If they wished to build Bigger Big Berthas it would be easy. We showed the Germans how to make steel and have led in that field ever since. The size and range of any gun are merely matters of scientific calculation.

The real problem is whether a super-gun has any military value.

A British naval gun is reckoned roughly to have a length equal to 50 times its calibre. This gives a 12-inch gun a length of 50 ft. Without mountings it would weigh 67 tons.

Germany's new Big Bertha, with a length 130 times its calibre, must be about 118 feet in length, and the least it can weigh, without mountings, is 130 tons.

Think of the difficulty of moving a 130-ton gun.

As road transport is impossible, a special railway track has to be laid or an existing track considerably strengthened.

A 15-inch howitzer, used in the last War, was mounted on a platform supported by 32 wheels.

Dislocation of other traffic is tremendous.

When Germans used 17-inch howitzers on railway mountings against the fortresses of Liege in 1914, ordinary traffic became chaotic.

Miles of congested tracks, packed with troop trains and goods trains, created a target that would be a grand opportunity for a modern bomber.

The Russian "14-inch" monster gun probably put as many Russian troops out of action as German troops. It certainly caused more bad tempers among sweating supply officers than the rest of the Russian artillery put together.

ONCE big guns are in permanent emplacements, the question of transport does not arise, but the utility of the gun is then considerably diminished. Instead of moving to where it can find a target it has to wait for the target to put in an appearance. Meanwhile it is idle capital.

The super-gun's chief drawback is its short span of life.

Germans developed out of a 15-inch gun the 8-inch Big Bertha of the last war. Big Bertha achieved the highest muzzle velocity ever attained by a man-propelled object—5,000 feet a second, or 3,400 miles an hour.

Think of the pressure and wear and tear on the delicately machined and rifled barrel.

In the best conditions, a gun can be fired only 150 to 200 times before it has to go back to the factory for a new lining.

The life of Big Bertha was only a few shots. It will be the same with Germany's newest big gun.

The tiny fraction of a second that a shell spends in the barrel of a gun before being discharged into the air is so small that the firing of 150 to 200 shells is equal to only three seconds.

So three seconds is the life of a big gun.

The third objection to big guns is the cost of each shot. An ordinary anti-aircraft shell costs about £10. A broad-

side from the nine 16-inch guns of *Nelson* or *Rodney* costs more than £1,000.

This does not include the cost of explosives.

For the new German gun, supposed to have a range of 155 miles, and with the charge costing considerably more than the shell, £200 a shot is a conservative estimate.

The bigger Big Bertha cannot sight its target. It fires at random, and its value in Nazi eyes is to create terror by its unexpected and startling range rather than by destroying vital objects.

Big Bertha caused a few casualties, little terror. If the bigger Big Bertha ever comes into action, the results will be equally as meagre.

BRITAIN is pre-eminent in naval guns.

When Germans used siege artillery of great size to reduce fortified towns in the Great War, the Allied reply was 13-inch naval guns on railway carriages.

Yet Britain has never been a protagonist of super-guns. Skill in aim, first-class construction and rapidity of fire are the characteristics of British guns that upset the calculations of armchair strategists.

The battle between the comparatively lightly armed cruisers, *Ajax*, *Exeter* and *Achilles* and the heavily armed pocket battleship the *Admiral Graf Spee* was the most modern instance of this, although British history abounds with such incidents.

Britain has, therefore, pressed for reduction in the size of heavy naval guns, and would have adopted 14.1-inch guns as the maximum calibre at the 1936 Naval Conference in London.

Japan would not agree, and the maximum calibre became 16.1-inch.

Even so, no ships at present commissioned in the British Navy mount guns of larger than 15-inch calibre, and, with skill of British engineers, such guns are held to have maximum utility for us.

Doubtless our future naval guns will be modified in accordance with the needs of defence. One thing is certain—if bigger guns are wanted, Britain will make them. We used 18-inch guns, mounted on monitors, for bombarding the Belgian coast, and at the Dardanelles in the last war.

By
Harry
Gregson

T SPY!

itself by surrounding him, hoping to reduce the sphere of his operations and to confine him to one area until the end of the war.

British radio stations were constantly intercepting messages between Von Vorbeck and Berlin, and they heard Berlin tell him early in 1917 that he would soon receive the medical supplies, machine-guns and ammunition that he needed.

How was this relief to be sent?

Once more Tony Mortimer was packed off to Berlin.

Within a short time a "contact" disclosed that Germany had built a huge Zeppelin—the L57—in Bulgaria, capable of taking supplies to Vorbeck. Yet the L57 had crashed on her trial flight.

Technicians were rushing forward a sister ship, the L59, which was expected to make the trip to Africa during the first week in November.

The L59 left, according to schedule. When she was within 200 miles of Vorbeck's position she received a special code message, supposed to emanate from Berlin, recalling her to Germany.

Actually, the message was a "fake."

It had been sent by a British radio station in the German code.

From the time Tony Mortimer had learned of the existence of the L59 spies had been waiting for her appearance. She was allowed almost to complete her journey before being turned back.

Had those supplies arrived there is no doubt that von Vorbeck could

WILL SCOTT

opens the Pandora's Box in the attic for this war time cameo

It was the sight of the camera that put the last straw on the back of the camel officially known as Private W. Bramble. Just a camera, peeping out from a litter of things on a shelf.

It made him want to curse. This was rubbing it in, this was, and no mistake.

A nice new camera, bought for the holidays. A camera that was to have brought home dozens of wonderful snaps of Yarmouth and Lowestoft and the rolled-out Broads in the third week in September. Bought for the holidays. The holidays that never came off.

For in the first week in September the world went mad and that was the end of all that.

Exit Mr. W. Bramble, clerk.

Enter Private W. Bramble.

"What a mess," said Private W. Bramble, "everything is. Just a babbling mess!"

He took the camera down from its shelf and opened it, turned it over and back again.

"Waste of money," he decided. "Bought it for nothing—and a beauty, too."

He shivered . . . but that was another story.

A REAL mess of a world. That was Private W. Bramble's verdict at the moment.

First the war, which was enough for anybody. Then his first leave in the Great Frost, which was more than enough for anybody. And then the hole he had made in the ice on the pond, which had put up his temperature to some ridiculous figure and dumped him in bed for three weeks.

Too much for any living soul.

He glared at the white waste outside the window. Nothing to read. And you

It All Comes Back to You

had to pretend you didn't want anything to read, so that other people needn't trudge two miles to the library through seven inches of snow.

He'd read the newspapers. He hated indoor games. There was nothing to do. He shuffled round the room in his big slippers, thinking how empty the world could be when it was as full as ever. And outside on the landing his sister Mabel heard him.

"You still up?" she called.

"I am," replied Private W. Bramble.

She looked in.

"Don't be trying too much, Bill. You've been up long enough for the first time."

"Rot!" said Bill. "I'll be out and about in a couple of days. You'll see. Fit as a fiddle."

She poked the fire and put two new knobs of coal on it.

"And maybe the next time you think a pond's frozen thick enough for skating on you'll find out first."

"Rub it in," said Bill.

Sister Mabel glanced round the room. It didn't look a very exciting room for an invalid.

"Want a book?"

"No," he lied.

"I can walk down to the library and get you one. You've only to say."

"In weather like this? As if I'd let you. Just for a book."

SISTER MABEL laughed.

"Do you think I care about the weather? I'm tough. And I shall miss the pond!"

"I'm fed up with reading," said Bill.

"Had enough of it to last a year."

"Well, what do you want to do?"

"Nothing."

She saw the camera in his hand.

"Hallo! What are you doing with that?"

"Just looking at it," said Bill. "Do you know we've never used it? Not even once."

"I know," said Mabel. "Not even once."

"Might as well sell it," murmured her brother. "It's doing no good here."

Bill Bramble closed the camera, slipped it back in its case and put it back on the shelf where it belonged.

"Do you know we may not use it now for years and years?" he said.

"The war won't last for ever," said Mabel. "We shall want that camera yet."

Bill pulled a basket chair close to the fire and sat down, and his sister sank to

her knees by his side, staring into the flames.

"You know where we were going to use it?" said Bill.

"Yes, Yarmouth."

"Mum and Dad on Yarmouth sands. Me in a boat on the Broads. You in that new swim suit of yours that you never used. The whole lot of us in the motor coach at Norwich. And out in the Skylark. Do you remember I was going to take four from the top of the Tower—north, south, east, and west?"

"And you planned to show me the little vicarage where David Copperfield was born."

"Yes."

"Yes. . . ."

BILL threw out his arm in a gesture which embraced the whole of the world in its present mad state.

"Fancy making a set of Happy Snaps of this!" he exclaimed.

"Holidays," said Mabel, "seem so many miles away. Miles and miles and years and years. Writing for guides and digs—looking up the trains—packing—setting out."

"Hands on the prom—and sunshine," added Bill.

"And everything." Mabel looked up at him and smiled.

"Remember Cromer?"

"And Ilfracombe?"

"And Walton-on-the-Naze?"

"I wonder where the old albums got to. We could spend an hour looking through them. It all comes back to you when you see the old pictures."

"Yes," Bill nodded. "They're the next best thing."

"I suppose," said Mabel, "they're in The Box."

The Box. That made Bill grin.

"It must be years," he said, "since the last time we had the lid up. When we were kids."

FORGETTING that to Mum and Dad downstairs they were kids still, for all that Bill was now Private W. Bramble of the British Army.

The Box had been, once upon a time, the great family institution. For years it had been pretty well the next best thing to Christmas.

For, however often you dipped into it, it always had its surprises. It always contained, somehow, something you never knew was there.

When it rained, and you couldn't go out, you opened The Box. When you had read your comics twice and didn't want to read them a third time, and

Bill took the album and looked at it. It bore the initials, in crude lettering, of their parents and the dates 1914-1918

there was nothing else to do, you opened The Box.

When you had friends to tea and you'd gone through all your games, you opened The Box.

And, craftiest move of all, when it wanted about five minutes to bed-time you very quietly began to tidy The Box out and put everything neatly inside. And who could send you straight off to bed in the middle of that?

It was the most wonderful box in the world—or it had been when they were kids.

You found things in it and you lost (Continued on page 24)

Keep smiling



Guinness is good for you

G.I. 127



There's glamour in the Odol Smile

The flash of pearly teeth between smiling lips wins all hearts—and there's no more winning smile than the Odol Smile.

If yours is an Odol Smile, it's a smile of confidence, because every Odol user knows that while the enamel coating of the teeth is protected against damage, decay germs attack in vain. Only a tooth-paste like Odol can give you this protection.

So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made—it gives you the winning smile—the Odol Smile.

Get it at any chemist or stores 6d. and 1/- per tube.

Odol

If you prefer a Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin.

"On war service or at home,
these marvellous creams
keep my complexion
smooth and clear" SAYS

*Lady
Cynthia Tothill*

Lady Cynthia Tothill is the only sister of the Fifth Earl of Bandon, has dark eyes, dark hair and smooth, "peachy" skin. She is working as an ambulance driver. "It is especially hard on one's complexion being out in all weathers," she says. "But Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition."



Analysis of *Lady Cynthia Tothill's* features

(1)
Shape of Face: Heart-shaped, with a broad, smooth, very white forehead.

(2)
Eyes: Starry, dark, slightly almond-shaped, fringed with long, silky dark lashes. No lines or wrinkles at the corners.

(3)
Nose: Short and straight, with very smooth, white skin. No coarse pores or blackheads.

(4)
Mouth: Wide and sensitive with well-shaped lips. Chin: Firm and rounded, with smooth, velvety skin. No sagging lines or blackheads.

(5)
Hair: Dark and lustrous—a perfect foil for Lady Cynthia's attractive features and glorious complexion.

Lady Cynthia attributes the unusual smoothness and clearness of her skin to her regular use of Pond's Creams.

She says: "Elaborate beauty care isn't necessary—for Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition. Since I started using them I've been amazed at the improvement in my complexion."

Pond's Creams can do as much for your complexion as they have done for hers! You see, these wonderful creams supply all your skin's needs. They cleanse and lubricate it; they rid it of blemishes and coarse pores; they protect it against the drying and ageing effect of cold winds.

Begin using them now! Soon you will notice a wonderful change in your skin. Cared for this simple way, skin loses any trace of sallowness, becomes fresh and clear. Shrunken undertissues fill out so that lines are softened away. Big pores and blemishes disappear as your skin becomes each day healthier and in better condition!

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream every morning as a protection against dryness and to hold your powder on smoothly! It's the way to gain a new, lovelier, more youthful complexion.



NOW I'M
SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION
ALL OVER!

TINGLING, fresh and radiant—
she's lovely *all over*. Ah, there's
nothing so rich and silky-soft as
the olive oil lather of Palmolive.
It's wisdom, too, to use Palmolive,
for olive oil feeds your skin, gently
cleanses it perfectly and thoroughly.
Twenty years from now you'll be
glad you made a point of a daily
Palmolive beauty bath—that you
looked after your Schoolgirl Com-
plexion *all over*!

PALMOLIVE



GET A 6th
PERSODENT
THE IRIUM TOOTH PASTE
AND TOOTH POWDER

See for yourself, as millions have, how quickly Pepsodent plus Irium (this newly discovered cleansing miracle) brushes away unsightly surface stains and treacherous hidden particles. See how quickly teeth look brighter, more radiant than ever before.

Get the extra value of 1940 with Pepsodent
- still only 6d!



Cosmetics Can't Conceal CATARRH

You cannot cover up that poor, red nose, those puffed, watery eyes. You must get to the root of the trouble—by putting a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril. As the tingling medication spreads swiftly over the sore, tender lining of your nose, a miracle happens! Clogging mucus loosens, swollen tissues shrink to normal, every breath is cool and delightful. Your head clears, your eyes brighten, you look as much better as you feel! What is more, if you use Vick-Vatronol at the first sneeze, you can prevent many a cold entirely.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick," 211, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.



3-Minute Mystery

Experiment in Murder

"I'm so glad to see you, sir," said young Jack Cummings miserably as Captain Connolly of the Army Intelligence climbed out of the staff car. "To think of Arthur being killed like that! It's terrible!"

"What happened?" asked Connolly. "I've only heard there was an explosion."

"I wasn't in the laboratory when it occurred," Cummings replied unsteadily. "I was getting things ready for lunch."

"I've been assisting Arthur with his experiments on that new explosive, and I was just setting the table when a terrific explosion shook the house and blew in all the windows."

"I rushed down to the laboratory which is sixty yards away, but the door was locked. I looked through the window and saw Arthur lying on the floor. His face was terribly injured."

Cummings led the way to the shed that was used as a garden laboratory.

Finding the rickety, pinewood door locked, Connolly asked for the key.

"I haven't got it," Cummings returned. "We made a rule that the person working in the laboratory locked the door on the inside and kept the key in his pocket."

Grasping the top of the door firmly, Connolly wrenched it off the hinges.

The laboratory had been wrecked by the explosion, the window had been blown out, bottles had been smashed to smithereens, and the furniture had been reduced to firewood. In the centre of the floor lay all that remained of Arthur Johnson, brilliant inventor.

Captain Connolly turned the body over. It looked as though the explosion occurred while Johnson had been leaning over his experiment.

"Had Johnson succeeded in finding the formula?" he enquired.

"Not quite," Cummings replied, "but he expected to in a few days."

"I wonder whether that's true?" Connolly asked quietly. "Why did you murder him? Was it to steal the formula?"

WHY DID HE ACCUSE CUMMINGS OF MURDERING JOHNSON?

See page 28.

You can be next!

ELEVEN years ago this month JOHN BULL Crosswords began distributing huge prizes for working out entertaining puzzles. Here are messages from a few of the forty-three readers who have already captured Life Income prizes:

"Now I have a banking account, an added income coming in every week and a feeling of security worth a fortune!" says 308. Weekly Pensioner D. Thomas, 19, Brodrick Road, London, S.W., a tailor who captured a Crossword Life Income.

"What a wonderful prize!" says Miss M. Brunton, "Morland," Hart Station, West Hartlepool, winner of a £5 Monthly Crossword Pension. "And what a thrill to look forward each month to the arrival of one's Crossword Pension Cheque!"

"It would take too long to tell you of all the benefits we have derived from my 308. Weekly Pension," says Mrs. E. G. Hitchcock, 218, Oxford Road, Swindon. "It has certainly given my husband and me a wonderful feeling of security."

As you turn to page 36 this week, you may be turning to a new chapter of your life. There you will find a Life Income to be won, a record war-time prize which can be yours for working out an interesting Crossword this evening.



Grasping the top of the door firmly, Captain Connolly pulled it off its hinges and peered into the ruined laboratory

Continued from previous page

Will Scott's Cameo

things in it. Things seemed to turn up and other things never seemed to turn up again.

To this day it was supposed to contain all that was left of Mabel's first doll and Bill's first kite.

The Box!

It was a cavern of a thing, five feet long and frighteningly deep. Great-grandfather was supposed to have made it, before anybody now living was born, but there was no real proof of that. It was one of those yarns that get about.

"I don't think," said Bill, "I've seen The Box for centuries."

"It's in the spare room," Mabel informed him.

"Well, come on—let's," said Bill. "It'll be a lark. It's something to do. You never know what we shall find inside."

MABEL jumped to her feet.

"I'll see to that," she said.

"What about me?" said Bill.

"There is no heat in the spare room," Mabel answered. "You'll stay here where it's warm and keep warm. I can tackle The Box. I've done it scores of times before."

Ten minutes Mabel was gone, and when she came back it was not with an armful of snap albums, but with only one. A very old and very tattered one.

"Seen this before, Bill?" she asked. Bill took the album and looked at it. It bore the initials, in crude lettering, of their parents, and the dates 1914-1918.

"No," he said.

"I found it in The Box," said Mabel.

"You never know," said Bill, "what's going to turn up in The Box."

On the first page was a photograph of Dad—a much younger and different looking Dad—in soldier's uniform. On the second page was an old picture of Mum, also in some kind of uniform, sitting at the wheel of a lorry.

There was a picture of Dad outside a tent.

There was a picture of Dad on horseback.

There was a picture of Mum with a score of other women, all dressed in similar uniform.

There was an empty, trafficless-looking picture, with the words underneath: "The Strand in 1917."

There was one of a motor-car with its gas-balloon on top.

One of a policeman, with a "TAKE COVER" card across his chest.

One of a street lamp, with its upper part painted black.

And one of a tangled mass of metal in a field, inscribed "The Zeppelin at Potter's Bar."

Slowly Bill turned the pages.

"This is dashed interesting," he said. "They never talked to us about the war very much," said Mabel. "The last war, that is. They thought it a waste."

"Yes."

"You know, Bill," said Mabel, "you're right."

"Right? What about?" Bill asked.

"This is dashed interesting—now. Commonplace things when they took them, things they'd have forgotten about if they hadn't taken them, but now, looking back across a quarter of a century..."

"Yes!" Bill agreed excitedly. "Like the sandbags outside the public library."

"And the white lines painted round the trunks of the trees," said Mabel.

"And," said Bill, "Dad's warden's tin hat."

"Dozens and dozens of things," said Mabel.

"Mabs," said Bill, "we were all wrong."

He took the camera from its shelf.

"No good waiting for holidays to come round again," he said. "This is our life too. The next time you're in High Street have a film put in this. We'll start right away. You can take one of the hole I made in the pond if it hasn't thawed out. It gave me an extra fortnight's leave!"

"And in twenty-five years' time, when we look through our old album of the war—our war—and it all comes back to us..."

"I reckon that if somebody offers us a hundred pounds for that album we shall say no."

"Like Mum and Dad would say if somebody offered them a hundred pounds for this."

* * *

DROWLING round to do the black-out, Dad found the old album in the spare room and took it down to Mum.

"See what's turned up!" Mum's eyebrows went up when she saw what it was.

"The war to end war?"

"Yes."

"And here's young Bill back at the same game at twenty."

"I know."

Dad slowly turned the pages of the old album.

"It all comes back to you," he said.

"It needn't come back to me," said Mum. "I hated it."

"I didn't love it," Dad admitted.

He turned the album over.

"Do you want these pleasant memories?" he asked.

"Do I?" said Mum. "I do not."

"Right," said Dad.

And threw the old album on the fire.

Widespread war-time problem

WHY DO SOME PEOPLE CRACK
UP UNDER WAR STRAIN

while others come through triumphantly?



Scientists trace it back to sleep. Many people belong to the wrong Sleep Group.

There are
3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

1st SLEEP GROUP

The people who are best fortified to stand war strain belong to this Group. Their sleep is the kind that restores body, nerves and brain completely. They may spend only 5 or 6 hours in bed and yet are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. There is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks gives.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

This Group is made up of people who seem to sleep well enough yet find it impossible to stand up to war worry and anxiety. They get tired easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. The reason is that excess acid waste products in the blood activate their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people who are least able to stand war strain belong to this Group. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake at night, or wake tired in the morning. Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 2, to an even greater degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

HOW are you taking the war? It's a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy," tired, unable to throw off war worry.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. We are all classified into 3 levels or groups of sleep.

Those who belong to the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active all night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists searched for a food or drink that would neutralize those excess acid waste products. Horlicks alone proved completely successful. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. This nourishing, well-balanced food will neutralize the acid waste products that keep nerves and brain active during sleep, thus guarding against Night Starvation. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS at bedtime gives you **1st Group Sleep**



You get better results by a new method which saves fuel — gets washing done hours earlier — and makes clothes last longer!

WOMEN are proving for themselves that there is no need to boil clothes now!

You, too, can say good-bye to the back-breaking work and all that steam and washday smell that fills the house as the copper boils away, burning up fuel. You can get better results — by a Rinso method which calls for no boiling and no hard rubbing.

Clothes start drying 1½ hours earlier

With this new method, an average wash (50 pieces) gets done 1½ hours earlier. Think of it! Things can start drying 1½ hours earlier! What an advantage in this weather!

Think of the fuel you save, too—an hour's fuel every washday! Work that out in money and you'll see it's a tidy saving.

Clothes wear one-third longer

And that's not the only way this Rinso method saves money.

It has been proved by actual tests that garments wear one-third as long again when washed this Rinso NO-BOILING way instead of by the old boiling and rubbing method.

There is nothing to be said nowadays for that old-fashioned method. It belongs to the days when there was no Rinso. The amazing efficiency of Rinso suds is something modern which calls for a modern method.

Try this method next washday and see for yourself how much work, time and fuel it saves you. Your whole wash is safe in Rinso. It is pure. Packets are 3d., 6d., or 1/- (Giant). You need no bar soap or flakes when you use Rinso.

SOAKS DISHES CLEAN, TOO — IN 3 MINUTES!



GIVE your dishes a 3-minute soak in Rinso suds. This soaks off all grease and stains. There's no scrub. China and glass sparkle. A teaspoonful of Rinso is enough in a big washing-up bowl.



NEW METHOD: Sort out your ordinarily dirty whites and put them into the copper in cool Rinso suds. Let them soak for about a quarter of an hour while the suds warm up, then take them out. Now into the same suds put your extra-dirty whites. Damp any very grubby places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Let this second batch soak for about twenty minutes while the suds continue to warm up. In this way you save at least half the fuel you ordinarily use. When you take the clothes out, the water will be hot—but not nearly boiling. Yet the clothes will be dazzling. And the suds can then be used AGAIN for general cleaning.

NO BOILING
NOW WITH **Rinso**

B 2882-364-65

R. S. Hudson Limited, London

Humanist tackles the Demon Jealousy!

NIGHTMARE in the DAYTIME

"I worried her life out... I followed her home from work to see she did not meet any one on the way"

JEALOUSY is as cruel as the grave," says the Song of Solomon, and you have but to read some of the letters in my postbag every week to realise that this is no understatement.

After acting as father confessor to thousands of persons who have made me privy to the misery laying siege to their reason, I am still appalled by the unhappiness caused by jealousy.

And always I am asked to find a remedy for jealousy. It is easy for any diagnostician to recognise the cause of an illness, but it is another thing to prescribe a cure. Some diseases will not yield to any known treatment, and jealousy, a malady of the mind, is just such another terror.

I can understand some of its causes: fear of being supplanted, a feeling of ownership, a sneaking sense of inferiority.

Listen to this terrible confession of jealousy from a man who has allowed the disease to become a dangerous mania. Love to him is a daytime nightmare.

"I am twenty-three and have been courting for three years," he begins. "We were immensely happy until I began to feel jealous. Since then things have been going from bad to worse."

"It started when I found that the girl had not told me the truth about a trivial matter. I played on this jokingly at first, but it assumed gigantic proportions. I mentioned it at every opportunity."

"Poor kid! I worried her life out."

"After this I tried to trap her, time and time again. Failure to do so only made me worse. My jealousy became unbearable. I dare not leave her alone with a man, and I made her give me a full account of her spare time."

"I followed her home from work to see she did not meet anyone on the way. If I saw her talking to any man, even her own relations, I could hardly control myself. Beads of perspiration ran down my face."

"I used to tease her."

"When I received no satisfaction from that I twisted her arm, making her cry. I never forgave myself, but I was in a tearing rage. I could not control myself."

"Another time I was so infuriated with her that I stabbed my cigarette on her hand and burnt it badly."

"I sit at work and sweat with fear, wondering what she is doing."

This man not only tortures the girl but also torments himself. I don't see how any couple can hope for happiness when one of them becomes possessed of such a demon.

If a man cannot rid himself of a primitive savage's idea of owning a woman body and soul, he is hardly to be trusted as a husband. He is certain to develop into a tyrant.

And the modern girl won't stand tyranny. She would prefer to remain free and independent.

Even so, many young women are afflicted with the same terrible jealousy that "judgment cannot cure."

One victim of the "rankling tooth, that gnaws the secret heart" is a young bride, now afraid of losing her husband's affection because she has been so cruel to him.

"I cannot curb my unreasoning jealousy," she says.

"I love my husband dearly, and I have tried to tell myself not to be selfish when he wants a game of billiards, but the devil in me always seems to win. I fly at him and rave for days if he spends a quarter of an hour on his way home."

USUALLY he is a man in a million, helps me in the house, and goes on errands for me when I ask him. But he refuses to do anything now because of the way I treat him.

"In every other way I am a good wife."

"I cook well and keep the house tidy. It is when he wants to go somewhere without me that the trouble starts. I am highly strung and easily go into hysterics."

"I often wonder whether I have a 'kink' somewhere."

"I seem to know my faults, but don't seem able to overcome them. My husband has been patient with me so far, but it won't last for ever."

"Some of the things I say try him to the limit. When I see how I have hurt him, I feel I could drown myself. But I do it again."

This young wife is afraid of losing her husband's affection, but she is going the quickest way to destroy it.

You can give her credit for only one thing. She knows where the fault lies and blames only herself.

A little jealousy is not unnatural, and in small doses it does little harm, but jealousy such as that described in the letter is bound to end in disaster. She wants to monopolise the man entirely, to be the exclusive interest in his life.

Suppose he gave up all his friends and hobbies (including his occasional game of billiards), and always made a bee-line for home, looking neither to the left nor the right.

Suppose he went nowhere without her, saying "Yes, dear," to her every request, fetching and carrying and dancing attendance...

WHAT sort of man would he be? At present he is a man in a million. Does she really want to make a sort of pet-dog of him?

The girl pretends not to be able to cure this unreasoning jealousy, but surely she has some self-control. We all feel tempted to do the wrong thing, to fly into tempers, to boast, to show off, to say things that hurt. Yet we do not always give way to them.

We have wills of our own and we must exert them. It may be hard but it can be done. And in the instance of the young people whose letters I have quoted

it must be done if they are to have any happiness.

Now let us turn to a man who is beset by another problem, one that is haunting many lovers of peace and quiet.

"Some people believe the radio is a blessing," says the man, "but to me it is a curse. The set in my home is going continually day and night."

"My wife likes listening to dance music and so do the children. It gets on my nerves and makes me angry."

"I am fond of reading, but as soon as I switch off the wireless to be quiet, my family insist on switching on again."

"There is no peace for me to read at home. The only comfort I get is when I go to the club to enjoy my book. When I return home the wireless is still going and I am glad to go to bed."

It would be unfair to expect the family to have no dance music, but it is equally unfair to have it on all the time.

THERE must be give-and-take in the home. You must compromise to secure the maximum of fair play all round.

I suggest that there should be definite hours allotted to broadcast music, others to silence.

It is only right that the man should be considered in his own family circle.

A more difficult problem often comes from readers living in flats. The family alongside or immediately above keeps the loud-speaker going at full blast until midnight.

It is impossible to sleep, and when there are young children about, their health is seriously undermined.

Reasonable people will reduce the volume when they are asked, but when a radio becomes a nuisance to neighbours it can be stopped by law.

The Noise Abatement Society is tackling this problem and is ready to tell sufferers how they can get some respite from those who indulge in noise for its own sake.

Stop that Painful COUGH!

Stop your child's cough at once, Mother! For the sake of his delicate chest, throat and lungs—for the sake of your own peace of mind—stop it NOW! You can, very easily—with 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup. The very first dose makes a big difference: it stops the cough, soothes and warms the chest, relieves throat irritation, clears the bronchial passages and heals inflamed, cough-racked tissues.

You won't have any trouble getting him to take it, either! Children love the delicious honey flavour of 'Pineate'—and you can give it to the youngest child. It's the ideal cough-remedy for children, and it's just as good for grown-ups too. No need to lose any sleep over coughs while you can get 'Pineate' at your chemist's at 1/6 a bottle.

'Pineate' HONEY COUGH-SYRUP

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, Cloister Herbal Tea is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those blackout blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists.

Soon puts "Paid" to INDIGESTION

If it is true that there is more indigestion than there used to be, it is equally true that it is much more easily cured than it used to be. Take the commonest form—the pain and discomfort that so many people get after eating. The food goes into a stomach that is already overloaded with excess acid, and what then? Your stomach rebels—grows on strike. Digestion stops dead. Thus comes the "solid lump" that stomach sufferers know so well—the feeling that your stomach is a bladder of hard!

That bloated, full, tight sensation can be made to disappear in a twinkling with a dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder (or a couple of tablets). This famous powder clears away excess acid as quickly as a school teacher rubs figures off a blackboard. You can hardly believe the relief—until you've experienced it. Next time you have a stomach pain take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder (or 2 tablets). The fame of this powder is due to one thing only—its power to stop stomach pain quickly and, above all, safely. Be sure to see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on carton, bottle or tin. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; New 6d. tin (15 tablets). Economy pocket tin (25 tablets), 9d.

Look At Me NOW!

BUST . . . 33 inches
WAIST . . 22 inches
HIPS . . 34 inches

Read this letter:—"Some time ago I took SILEX to reduce my weight and I was highly satisfied with the results. I thought you would be interested to know my weight now is 7 st. 4 lbs. and my measurements are: Height 5' 6", Bust 33 inches, Waist 22 inches, Hips 34 inches. I wish SILEX every success. Without drastic dieting, dangerous drugging or violent exercising, YOU can gain a slim, healthy figure. You have to do it to take SILEX brand, the now well-known and highly praised remedy for Obesity."

SILEX Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all chemists at 1/3, 2/- and 4/- per box. (This does not mean by post.) The largest chemist's price is 1/3. SILEX CO., LTD. (Incl. 6d. 1/-) 25, GRAFTON AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to the exportation of this remedy.)



Go for hours without
powdering and

never
have a shiny
nose



You can forget your powder puff for hours on end and yet be certain that shiny nose won't spoil your charm, if you use Snowfire Powder Cream. Fine as a summer mist, this fragrant combination of powder and cream cannot clog the tiniest pores. Fresh, smooth, wonderfully 'matt' it clings for hours and hours, out of doors or in. There are five perfectly matched skin tones—Naturelle, Peach, Rachele, Deep Rachele and Ivory.

SNOWFIRE
Powder Cream

Stays on five times longer.

Jars
6d. & 1/3
Tubes 6d.
Handbag
Containers 3d.

**CHEAP
SHODDY, ILL-FITTING
FOOTWEAR
WON'T DO IN
WARTIME**



says H.L.S.
Get "Wearra." They are a
handsome shoe for "general"
wear. They'll bring you foot-
dry through the slush and mud
of winter—being equal to the
strain of war-work yet ideal
for the city office.
Made in half-sizes and three
fittings (or widths) to each.
Hence the perfect comfort
only possible from shoes that
really fit.
There's a shop in
your district selling
"Wearra" shoes

IN
TAN OR
BLACK
CALF

Wearra
SHOES FOR MEN

Manufacturers: JOHN SHORTLAND LTD.
Irthlingborough, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

**IS THERE ANY
REAL CURE FOR
RHEUMATISM?**

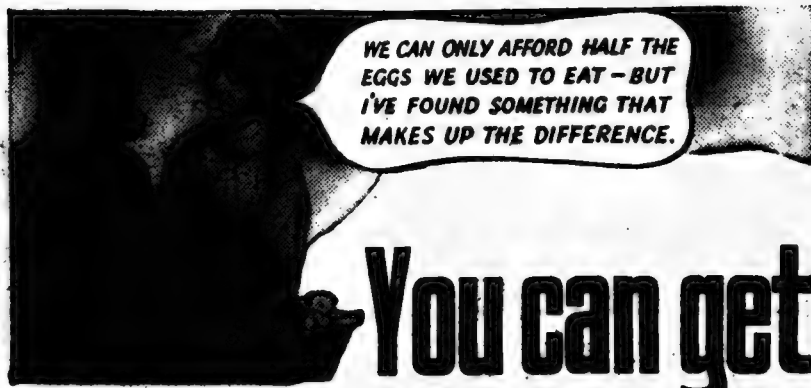
DOCTORS have a dozen descriptions for rheumatism, but even doctors can often describe it better than they can cure it. Often beginning with a dull pain in the muscles, it goes to the joints, especially the elbows, knees and ankles, and makes half a cripple out of a healthy person. Picking up a pin or writing a letter can be agony. The time to do something about it is when you feel the first twinge.

Some sufferers get relief from mineral baths, others from sunray treatment, others from a change of climate.

But if your rheumatism isn't too serious you can't do better than try a course of Kruschen. Kruschen contains the vital mineral salts to dissolve the acids which attack your joints. Probably more people have been given real relief from rheumatism by a tiny daily dose of Kruschen than in any other way.

In any case we advise you to spend 1/9d. at your chemist's on a bottle of Kruschen and take it daily in at least half a glass of water before the pain makes you throw away your money on useless treatments.

Kruschen is also obtainable in 6d. and 1/- sizes.



WE CAN ONLY AFFORD HALF THE
EGGS WE USED TO EAT - BUT
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING THAT
MAKES UP THE DIFFERENCE.

**You can get
the energy value of
21 eggs from a 6d tin
of FRY'S COCOA**

FRY'S Cocoa is FOOD. It helps you to ensure proper nourishment for the family in spite of rising prices and rationing. Each cupful of Fry's is brimming with energy—the energy that children need for healthy growth, and manual and office workers must have to keep them up to their jobs. Have you a family to care for? Make Fry's the regular meal-time drink and make every penny count. Get a tin to-day.



CALORIES FOR ENERGY

Scientists measure energy in Calories—and active workers burn up 4,000 Calories a day. Office workers, housewives, even children burn up thousands of Calories daily. Unless their diet contains at least the number of Calories they use, health and efficiency suffer. Fry's Cocoa is one of the most valuable sources of Calories. Made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water, it supplies a large proportion of the Calories you need daily. Add Fry's to the menu right away.

DIFFICULT TIMES—BUT ALL WELL FED

See how they enjoy Fry's Cocoa for supper—and how well they keep on only £3 a week. They have Fry's for breakfast also, to give them a good start on cold mornings. With the price still unchanged it costs so little that there's all the more for warm clothes and fuel.

A 6d. tin of Fry's Cocoa, made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water, gives you the same energy as any of the following:

1 1/2 LB. OF STEAK	4 LARGE CHOPS
	6 1/2 LBS. OF FISH
	21 EGGS



ON DUTY IN THE COLD—In bitter weather the finest 'on duty' drink is Fry's Cocoa. It warms you up in no time and keeps you going. Take it regularly. The thermos retains all its delicious flavour.

C.182-291239



Four little gamesters! Good old Ludo is keeping these four fit youngsters occupied!

"WITH PRICES RISING,

**IT'S NO EASY JOB
TO FEED SIX OF US
ON 35/- A WEEK"**
SAYS MRS. SPELLER
OF CATFORD



Feeding time! What a hungry crowd!... and Dad smiling as Doreen, the eldest, sits back and takes her nourishment.

**HERE'S HOW SHE WORKS OUT
HER WAR-TIME BUDGET**

	£	s.	d.
Rent -	15	5	0
Insurance -	5	0	0
Coal -	2	6	0
Gas and Electric -	3	0	0
Clothes Club -	4	0	0
Food -	15	0	0
Sundries -	2	1	0
Husband's Expenses -	8	0	0
	43	15	0

Mrs. Speller doesn't worry about her family's war-time nourishment since she learned that

**ROWNTREE'S COCOA
AIDS DIGESTION**

"WE'RE a real gang when we sit down to feed," said Mrs. Speller. "And with butter and other nourishing things becoming harder to get and increasing in price every day, meals have to be very carefully managed, especially as my husband has to keep back 8/- a week for his fares and so on. Why, the rent is over 15/-, so I just can't allow more than 35/- a week for food for the lot of us!

"Well, rising prices or not, I'm honestly thankful I found out how Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion and helps us to economise by making the food go further!"

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD, made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself—it helps people to digest all their other food more quickly and with less effort. This means children get more nourishment out of their meals—put on extra bone and muscle.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS RICH IN COCOA BUTTER. This high-percentage fat-content—not present in other well-known meal-time beverages—is particularly important at this time, when mothers of families are faced with butter rationing.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA HAS A LOVELY, RICH CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR. Half a teaspoonful makes one cup—so it's more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. And, because it's "pre-digested," when taken before bed, Rowntree's not only warms you, but also helps your supper to "go down better." Digestive troubles can't disturb your sleep.

**ROWNTREE'S
COCOA** *Aids digestion*
MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER



He was back again in a few seconds, his arms full of furs... Then somebody passed me another and I stowed them away

EXIT THE GRUMBLER

MY war time adventure began to take shape in the deep silence of a Dockland night when we backed the van up to the warehouse door, switched off the lights, and waited.

It was a peaceful night for the job. No moon, not a star, and in the narrow side-street the black-out would have bewildered a cat.

Bill, at the wheel, started to fidget. He was nervous and wanted a smoke. So did I, but we daren't show a light, even the pin-head glow of a cigarette. Not on our lives we daren't.

I felt Bill move his arm, and saw the glow of his luminous watch.

"Quarter past one," he muttered. "Wonder what's keeping him. . . Ssh. What's that?"

Mystery Solution See page 24

Connolly realised that the door of the laboratory must have been open at the time of the explosion. Otherwise it would have been blown out by a blast that was sufficiently powerful to blow in all the windows of the house 60 yards away!

He had to turn the body over to examine the dead man's face, yet Cummings claimed to have learned the extent of his injuries by glancing through the window.

Cummings was the only person who had the time and opportunity to kill Johnson, prepare the explosion and then return to make sure his plot had been successful before locking the door and telephoning to the authorities.

No stranger could have examined his handiwork, locked the door and escaped before Cummings reached the laboratory from the house.

Cummings had deliberately killed Johnson to steal the completed formula.

There was a soft tap on the side of the van, repeated three times. I opened my door cautiously, and from out of the darkness came the Grumbler's hoarse whisper.

Easy to see how this king of warehouse thieves had earned his nickname.

"You ain't half been a long time getting here," said the Grumbler. "The boys have had the door open ten minutes. We could have been loaded up and on our way by now."

Bill started to growl, but I kicked his shin and he stopped.

"You keep your face closed," continued the Grumbler. "Got no time to waste arguin' with you. Come on, Joe. I'll want you to load the van. Limpy hasn't shown up."

"Here, take hold of my coat and don't go letting them big feet of yours make too much row."

"You'll stand just inside the warehouse door, and me and the other boys'll pass you the stuff in relays. We know our way about the place, and we can't use lights. Might be had up for spoiling the black-out!"

I didn't say a word, just grunted. And then the Grumbler was gone. He was back again in a few seconds, his arms full of furs. Lucky for me I heard the soft slur of his rubber-soled shoes or I'd have felt a bit more of his tongue.

I took the furs from him, and stowed them in the van. Somebody passed me another bundle, and another and another. Then the Grumbler again.

"COME on, come on. Get moving," he said, as I fumbled for a fur I had felt slip to the ground.

Then suddenly the silence of the Dockland was shattered. Clank! Clank! Clank!

The staccato rattle came from the end of the alley. No mistaking that noise. A policeman's truncheon sounding on the pavement!

The Grumbler froze.

"They've changed the time on the beat," he snarled, with his lips close to my ear. "Why didn't Alf tip me off? I'll fix him for this if there's any trouble, by cripes I will. And don't you make a squeak or I'll fix you, too."

Something cold touched the side of my face, and the Grumbler's voice took on a new menace.

"This here's a razor I've got in my hand. You know how I use it. Just keep thinking about that while I tip off the boys. . ."

The truncheon clanked again . . .

Reader's True War Time Story

By Alexander James, of Kilburn High-road, London, N.W., who receives the usual five guineas.*

farther away this time . . . or was it from the opposite corner . . . the black-out plays queer tricks with sound.

The Grumbler was back at my side in a flash. You had to hand it to the man. He was a rat, but he certainly had nerve.

"He's moving off, eh? Well, so will we be soon. Stand by for more stuff. We'll take it out right under his nose. Won't he be pleased when he reads it in the papers!"

How long I worked piling furs, silks and cigarettes into the back of the van I don't exactly know. It couldn't have been more than twenty minutes, but it felt like twenty years.

When people tell you that crime's an easy way to earn a living, don't you believe them. No honest man ever loaded a two-ton van in pitch darkness at the speed I worked. Certainly no honest man has ever done it knowing that the slightest slip, the slightest noise will bring a razor shearing across his face.

I WAS getting more alarmed every second when a strange voice startled me.

"That's my last lot," said a man I couldn't see. "Now give me a hand up into the van. O.K. Jack'll be along in a minute, then Screw and then the Grumbler. Soon as he's in down with the shutter and get that driver pal of yours on his way. We've been here too long already."

Jack and Screw arrived on top of each other, and I fairly bundled them into the van. The Grumbler took his time.

"Been having a last look round," he said, "just to see we haven't missed anything. We haven't! Picked the place as clean as a bone."

The clank of the truncheon had put the Grumbler on edge, and he's not the kind of person that one likes to have feeling temperamental.

He scrambled into the van, then leaned out, his patch of pale face close to mine.

"O.K. Stupid! Sure you know the way," he added.

Then I spoke for the first time, and it wasn't the voice the Grumbler expected to hear.

"Sure," I said, "I know the way."

With the memory of the razor touching my cheek I hit him flush on the chin with every ounce of my fourteen stone.

Somebody with a torch slammed down the van shutter. The narrow street filled with men. A voice beside me shouted: "All right, Bill, take 'em away."

Ten minutes later I was back at headquarters hearing a lot of nice things from the "Super."

"Best little coup we've pulled off in a couple of years," he said with a grin. "Not a bad idea of mine putting you and Smith in to substitute for the Grumbler's two pals. Fancy having a couple of coppers to help him rob a warehouse!"

He slapped his thigh. "Yes," I said, "but it wasn't so funny when he started threatening me."

"You should have worried," said the Chief Inspector. "I wasn't two feet from you the whole time, and anyway don't I remember you grousing about your war time police job being on the dull side?"

* FIVE GUINEAS FOR YOUR WAR TIME STORY

Eager to reveal stories based on war time thrills and adventures, now being thrust into the most prosaic lives, JOHN BULL pays five guineas for each reader's true war time story published.

Told in a thousand words, the story MUST be about this war. Send it to "Readers' Stories," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.



1. IN CONSULTING ROOMS all over the country men and women are asking their doctors for a way to end common constipation. Above, a doctor explains that the real cause of constipation is the lack of 'bulk' in our everyday diet. "That's why," said the doctor, "it takes a food to bring natural, normal regularity."

CONSTIPATION RELIEVED BY A FOOD

MEAT, fish, white bread, milk, etc. — the foods we depend on today — contain practically no "bulk." They get almost entirely absorbed into the system and the residue they leave is not sufficient for the bowel muscles to "take hold of." Soon the bowel muscles cease to work and you become constipated.

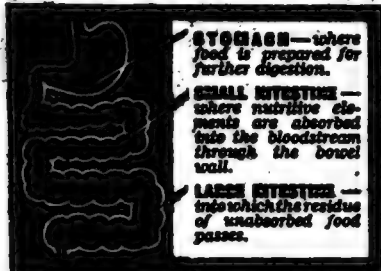
Many people try to get relief by taking purgatives and drugs. But these give only temporary relief — they do not get at the cause. What's more, purgatives shock the bowel, and this may lead to serious harm.

That is why doctors today recommend Kellogg's All-Bran — a crisp, delicious breakfast cereal that supplies the muscles with the bulk they need to make them work.

If you suffer from common constipation, eat All-Bran every morning — with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Do this regularly, drink plenty of fluids, and you'll forget what it is to be constipated. You'll be gloriously healthy — fitter than you've ever been before. Get Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer today. 7½d. a packet.



2. **ALL-BRAN**, a crisp, delicious breakfast food, is a natural bulk food. It gives the bowels the 'bulk' they need to 'take hold of' and so brings about a normal movement. It works in the same natural way as fruit and vegetables, but more surely, more thoroughly.



STOMACH — where food is prepared for further digestion.

SMALL INTESTINE — where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.

LARGE INTESTINE — into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.

3. **THIS DIAGRAM** shows how the food you eat is digested and absorbed into the system. The food not absorbed passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough the muscles cannot 'take hold' of it — you get constipated.



4. **DIGGING FOR VICTORY.** "Some months ago I felt headachy and tired. I had been constipated, but somehow didn't connect the two things. Then I read about All-Bran. I had it for breakfast next day. After a week I felt fitter than ever before. And now I'm digging for victory with the best." (Letter on file.)

MAKE LIGHT OF YOUR BLACKOUT



— with this PROFITABLE SPARE-TIME HOBBY

Keep yourself cheerful and confident with the happy hobby of running a Littlewood I-Club. Thousands of women and girls — and men, too — are proving it to be the practical way of lifting the burden of the black-out.

It will bring you **MANY NEW FRIENDS**. It will provide a pleasant occupation for some of your leisure moments. And, there's a **SURE, REGULAR, EASY, SPARE-TIME INCOME** for you — a real help to buy those extra comforts for your family and yourself.

Wouldn't **YOU** like it? Couldn't **YOU** run a Littlewood Club of 10 to 20 Members among family and friends? It's easy once you start. Take the first step now — send the Coupon for our Wonder Catalogue of War-time Bargains — value 5/-, **FREE**.

Invitation Coupon

I should like to try my hand at running a Littlewood Club. Please send me, **FREE**, the Littlewood Catalogue of War-time Bargains; details of Commission, Bonuses and Free Gifts; and Complete Club Outfit. (I am over 21 years of age.)

Name
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and write in BLOCK LETTERS.)

Address

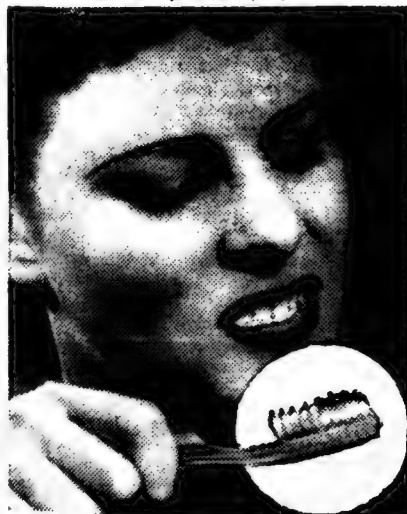
Town

County JB/25
Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to

Littlewood I-Clubs
OLD HALL STREET, LIVERPOOL 3

Littlewoods Mail Order Stores Ltd.
Directors: John Moores, Cecil Moores

Do they bleed?



THAT'S DANGEROUS

BLEEDING GUMS! That's the first sign that your teeth are in danger, the first sign of gum-rot (pyorrhea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). These are the diseases which so often result in the extraction of perfectly sound, white teeth. But you can guard against this danger by using Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. It contains Sodium Ricinolate, which dentists use in their surgeries for preventing and curing gum diseases. Get Gibbs S.R. to-day — use it twice daily — and keep your gums healthy and your teeth sparkling white!

GIBBS S.R. TOOTH PASTE

— saves your teeth because it's good for your gums
D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E1



1/3 and now 6d too! OR 55-744-60

Separation - Darkness - Loneliness

THE WAR- ON WOMEN'S NERVES

Money Worries

Do you sometimes feel it pretty hard to keep going? Wartime asks a lot from women. These last few months have taken a heavy toll of health and looks. Every woman would be the better for the bracing restoring action of Wincarnis, the famous tonic wine, the **QUICK ACTION** tonic. Wincarnis pours iron, rich beef and malt extracts, and two kinds of vitamins into your system — starts building up your stamina right away. Wincarnis is backed by over 26,000 medical recommendations

TENSED UP & DESPERATELY TIRED

Feels amazingly better
IN ONE MINUTE
after a morning glass of Wincarnis

Health is priceless



WINGARNIS

Costs only 6/6 & 3/9



Thundering across the grass towards the fighter came the mounted police . . . two of them speedily overtook Jem Carney

● This week's Giant of the Ring is Jem Carney, sole survivor of the grand old knuckle-fighting gladiators - - - by A. W. HELLIWELL

BOXING'S PETER PAN

IF ever a fighter captured the spirit of eternal youth it must surely be old Jem Carney. Two years have passed since he last came to see me, a bright-eyed, alert little figure with his hard hat tilted at a jaunty angle and a firm grip that you did not forget in a hurry.

Jem was eighty then, but he's still stepping around with the same youthful stride, the same twinkling smile on his broad, bulldog countenance.

He is an old man with memories of forgotten days; almost, indeed, the sole survivor of the grand old knuckle-fighting gladiators of the prize-ring.

Yet the years rest light as thistledown on his square shoulders.

Difficult to believe that he was fighting in the days of John L. Sullivan, Charlie Mitchell and Jake Kilrain, or that he cut a dash with such men as Squire Abingdon Baird and the great sportsmen and gamblers of the 'seventies and 'eighties.

This one-time champion, a humble lad who became the friend of royalty and the hero of all the young bloods in the West End's gay Corinthian days, has had a most colourful life.

He has been smuggled to a fight in a furniture van, dodged policemen half the day before they could pitch the stakes, ridden to hounds with the gentry, raced with the famous Squire, matched his strength and skill against all the best of his day in strange settings, dirty cellars, lonely fields, coal barges moored out in the river and isolated stables.

FIRST time I met him he showed me his hands, those hammer fists with which he so often slogged his way to victory.

"Look at 'em," he demanded. "Feel 'em. There's not a mark on 'em. Not a bone broken. And I never fought with my hands wrapped in bandages like these modern boxers. It was bare knuckles or skin-tight gloves every time."

His hands never once let him down, not even in his terrible encounters with McAuliffe, Callon or Highland.

"We knew how to punch correctly in those days," he said. "When I prepared for a fight I devoted almost as much time to getting my hands in good shape as I did to the rest of my training."

"I used to mix horseradish, vinegar, alum and saltpetre and brew it over a fire for half a day."

"For several weeks before a fight I would pickle my mitts in this mixture two or three times a day until they were so tough I could have punched my way through a brick wall."

Among the greatest little fighters that his native Birmingham has produced, Jem deserves his place among the champions, if only for his dramatic encounter with Jimmy Highland, an ill-fated fight that ended with one man on his deathbed, the other in jail!

Highland, a hard-hitting rough-house type of scrapper, not over-scrupulous in his tactics, and Carney were old rivals.

They had defeated the best of the rest of the lightweights in the country when they signed articles to fight to a finish with bare knuckles for £25 a side.

The police were then making a great effort to prevent a revival of knuckle-fighting, but the boxers hit on an ingenious plan to outwit the law.

There was no use pretending that they were not attempting to stage a fight. Jimmy and Jem were training quite openly, and the whole county was discussing the match.

But the police could not discover where the battle was to be staged.

Solitary constables on night duty, idly watching a pantechnicon hauled by a team of broad-backed drays go rumbling over the deserted cobbles, did not realise that they were watching the departure of the law-breakers!

SQUATTING on the floor of that swaying van were Jem Carney, Jimmy Highland and the thirty-odd Birmingham sportsmen who were "in the know."

Two hours' journey brought them to the farmhouse where it had been arranged that they should stay. While the rest of the party drank and sang, Jem and Jimmy kicked off their boots and stretched themselves out for a few hours' rest.

Dawn showed them swilling side by side in the same tub of ice-cold water. Then they pulled on their boots and set off for the level stretch of turf on which they were to fight.

Highland, the taller and broader of the two, wasted no time in fancy preliminaries.

Brushing aside the long left with which Jem led to his face, he wound his arms around the champion, placed one foot behind Jem's, and sent him hurtling to the ground, knocking the breath from his body.

THIS was the favourite trick with which Highland weakened many opponents. Three times in as many rounds he repeated it, backheeling Carney and falling heavily with him so that, unnoticed by the referee, he could sink his knees deep into the pit of Jem's stomach as they crashed.

Jem was all whipcord and steel in those days, and the next time Jimmy rushed him he drove his much-pickled, iron-hard right straight into Highland's teeth, sending the blood spurting wildly.

Quick as lightning, he seized him and dashed him to the ground.

"Two can play at your game, Jimmy," he grinned, and went dancing back to his second's knee.

Highland time and again used his superior strength to hurl Jem to the ground, while the champion, infinitely the better boxer, plastered him with savage blows.

Villain that he was, Highland had the

heart of a lion. He refused to admit defeat. Again and again he was half-carried back to his corner, bleeding and semi-conscious, but each time he found the strength to come back for more punishment.

They battled for an hour and a half until they were both almost sinking with the pain and fatigue of forty-two rounds.

As they were starting the forty-third session a warning cry scattered the spectators.

Thundering across the grass towards the ring came the mounted policemen. Grabbing his shirt and coat, Jem was off like a shot, but he was not quick enough.

Two of the constables, spurring their horses, speedily overtook and arrested him.

HE was charged with taking part in a prize-fight and kept in jail for four days before he was given bail.

When he was released he heard that Highland was seriously ill. Severe inflammation of the lungs had set in after the fight and he was dying.

Jem went to see him immediately.

Bearing no malice or ill-will for all the fierce blows they had exchanged, the boxers shook hands.

A few hours later Jimmy Highland died and Jem was accused of manslaughter.

The following year he and four other prisoners were tried at Warwick Assizes.

Even though there was evidence that Highland had injured himself during a drunken fall the day following the fight, Carney was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

Why Critical Times Cause Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Many people are now suffering from indigestion for the first time in their lives. The reason is that worry and anxiety directly affect the nerves that govern the digestive system and so impair the normal process by which the stomach acids are controlled. Excess acid then accumulates, and the pain and discomfort of indigestion inevitably follow. Sleep is disturbed; the nervous system is deprived of the rest it needs, and a vicious circle is set up which can be broken only by neutralising the excess stomach acid. For this purpose I always recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia, a standard antacid, which gives immediate relief by instantly counteracting excess acid and by soothing, healing and strengthening the stomach.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

THE popularity of Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills, after forty years of world-wide use is surely proof of successful results. Doans Pills have one purpose: they are a good diuretic treatment for sluggish kidney action and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidney action lags, and a diuretic medicine would be more often employed.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swellings, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Use Doans Pills. You can rely on a medicine that has won such world-wide recommendation.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/2, 3/4, 5/8

DOANS

Burnt-on Oven Grease **MELTS** when you use **SCO**

THE MAGIC OVEN CLEANING POWDER

In ten minutes you can make your oven spotlessly clean inside and out by using SCO, the wonderful new powder made specially and solely for cleaning cookers.

No scouring, scrubbing and scraping to shift hard-baked grease—SCO does all the work without fuss or smell. Try SCO to-day—the easiest, quickest, cheapest and best way to keep your oven always immaculate.

Get a tin to-day at—**WOOLWORTH'S**

TO REMOVE HAIR —WITHOUT Razors Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

An amazing discovery of Science. Dissolves away superfluous hair completely in 3 minutes—leaves skin soft and smooth as velvet. No ugly stubble like the razor leaves—no coarse regrowth. Simply spread on this dainty sweet-smelling cream—wash off with plain water—the hair is gone. This priceless discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET'. So quick, clean and easy to use. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET'. At all Chemists, 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial Size 6d.)

Nourishment for the Nation

Millions of people in millions of homes find that Oxo helps them to get that extra nourishment and flavour from their meals. Now, more than ever Oxo becomes the perfect food reserve. Keep a few extra Oxo cubes in your larder.



"How CAN I SAVE, WITH
EVERYTHING
SO DEAR?"



LOOKING AT
"SAVE YOUR WAY
TO VICTORY" POSTER

"I wish I could do
more—but it's hard
enough even to
make both ends
meet, now."

"You know, Mary, we ought to
do something about starting
young Jimmie up with some
of these National Savings
Certificates now I'm being
paid more."

"Yes, I know, George—
but I'm afraid I'll
have to have more
for the housekeeping
first. Prices are
dreadful
lately."



Skin Eruptions CLEARED IN A FEW DAYS

Pimples and rashes that disfigure you and make you ashamed to be seen—Chronic Eczema that makes your life a misery with its maddening itching day and night—Stubborn boils and ulcers that have defied all your efforts to heal them—They all begin to mend at the first application of Cuticura Ointment. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples fade and vanish after one or two applications. Eczema of year's standing has been completely extinguished with a single tin of this amazing healer. Its germ-killing, soothing, purifying ingredients sink to the depths of the eruption and eradicate the poisons that cause all the irritation and inflammation. For clean, safe healing of all skin outbreaks and injuries—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable and handy than this unfailing healer.

THIS WRITER PROVED IT

"My face, neck, chest and legs became covered with red, sore pimples which were exceedingly painful and embarrassing. After trying various things without success, I started with Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and very soon my skin was perfectly clear." (Signed) L. R. W. Edwards, 22, Myrtle Villa, Sully, Plymouth.

Why not let Cuticura heal you? Buy a tin to-day!

Cuticura
OINTMENT

Joints Rusted With RHEUMATISM For 15 Years.

Pain so terrible that she could not lift a hand to her head, and had to have assistance even to hobble across the floor. This poor lady's spirit must have been well-nigh broken by the burden of her sufferings. She must have doubted if she would ever again be free from pain. But thanks to that marvellous remedy, Holloways Pills, she is better. Read what her son writes:—"Mother suffered from Rheumatism for fifteen years. Her arms and wrists were very much swollen. She could not straighten them, nor put either hand to her head. They were as if they were rusted. Her legs also were swollen, and only with assistance could she hobble across the floor. Now, thanks to Holloways Pills, she has made wonderful progress. The other day she spent five hours out of doors—walking about by herself!"

NEURALGIA

Nearly Drove Him Mad.

Neuralgia!—like red hot wires pressing on raw nerves—constantly nagging, spoiler of his days and robber of his sleep. No wonder this man writes that his neuralgia nearly drove him mad. But that was not his real purpose in writing—no, it was to say that now, thanks to Holloways Pills, he is "perfectly happy" and free from his agony. Read what he says: "I suffered for a long time with Neuralgia and Headaches. At times it almost drove me mad. I tried nearly everything to relieve it, but without success. But one day, having tried your Holloways Pills, I soon found great relief. I am very pleased I took them, for I am now happy."

No one whose health is poor can afford to ignore such wonderful examples. If you suffer from Anaemia, Billousness, Constipation, Debility, Headaches, Indigestion, Liver or Kidney Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nerviness, Rheumatism or Sleeplessness—you should not hesitate to seek the grand health which comes from taking Holloways Brand Pills. Obtainable everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per box.

AT THE STORES

"And I'll buy a tin of this BOURNVILLE COCOA, too. It's such a relief to find something that hasn't gone up!"

"You'll not regret it either, Ma'am. Make it with milk and do you know there's as much nourishment in a cupful as there is in two eggs?"

LATER

"Hey, Mum, this is scrummy!"

"It certainly puts some heart into you on a cold night."

"I've found out how I can save at last. With BOURNVILLE you get 3" worth of nourishment for 1d., and that solves my winter food problem nicely. And I'm starting one of those Savings Books for Jimmie tomorrow!"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE BY CADBURYS

Still at Peace-time price

6^d PER QTR LB 11^d PER HALF LB



ARMY CLUBLETS



At
work—



at
rest—



and
after grub—

The Army
asks for
**ARMY
CLUB**

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

Sent DUTY FREE to members of the B.E.F.
in France: 200 for 4/- • 100 for 2/-
Postage 9d. Order through your
tobacconist.

Prices at 'Naafi' canteens with the B.E.F.

10 for 2½d—20 for 5d

ORDINARY PRICES:

10 for 6½d 20 for 1'0

Anti-Nazis Ready to Rule

FOR five years I have been preparing a new constitution for Germany, getting ready for the day when the Blood-stained Swastika will no longer cast a shadow of gloom and shame over the Fatherland.

In the beginning we were a hundred thousand ordinary Germans eager to re-establish a clean system of democratic government administered through an honest Civil Service, and we were inspired by a vision that is still cherished by all our countrymen, even in the midst of the Nazi terror.

I had to leave Germany just before war broke out. One morning I went to the office of a Berlin lawyer where I had been concentrating on the financial side of the new constitution only to find three armed strangers, obviously men of the Gestapo, waiting for my arrival.

They pounced on me, bullied me, fired questions at me and made me tell them why I was working in a solicitor's office when I was obviously not a member of the firm.

Notes were made of all my replies, and I had to sit in the office watching the agents of Himmler's secret police search the room while we waited for other secret police to verify my story.

The search was carried out in true Nazi style.

Carpets were ripped up, drawers smashed open, papers strewn on the floor.

EVEN the telephone directory was given minute scrutiny, in the hope of finding marked addresses.

At last the searchers reached the shelf where my work was kept. One Gestapo man, a lad of about 20, pulled the file down and opened it. On top was a genuine law school lecture, and he glanced at it before carelessly flipping the pages over.

Underneath he found vital details of

a vast anti-Nazi organisation, yet he was so dull that when he saw the words "German constitution," he tossed down the file with contempt.

"Oh, just some intellectual junk!" he said, and went on with his useless investigations.

After a while Headquarters confirmed what I had said about myself, and I was released with a warning not to mention the incident.

The full investigation came to nothing, and the man who had betrayed us was accused of laying false information to curry favour with the Gestapo.

Even so, many of us had to flee from Germany.

ALTHOUGH outside Germany we are still in secret communication with our fellows inside the Fatherland; we know that despite the Gestapo's prying and searching the movement grows every day in strength.

We have hammered out a constitution that is complete down to the last detail. It covers finance, home affairs, the re-creation of the Reichstag, foreign affairs, education, the defence forces, religion.

So we go on working to defeat Hitler and his gang, an ever-growing army waiting for the moment when the Nazi racket shall collapse through its inherent rottenness.

Distributed among towns and villages of the Reich are our dossiers, hidden in files and boxes, masquerading under innocent titles.

At any moment our leaders can call in all these records, and the new system of Government for Germany will be ready.

We are ready not only with a machine that could run the whole of Germany's affairs at short notice, but also with the men to do it until the country is ready for an honest general election.

Our organisation began with members of the Stahlhelm, Germany's equivalent to the British Legion, a hundred thousand gallant ex-soldiers all deter-

This is the story of yet another secret organisation working in Germany for the downfall of the Nazi Regime. It is told by one of its founders, formerly a highly placed Civil Servant in Prussia, now in exile

mined to oust the corrupt corporal with the iron cross he never earned.

We are not seeking to tear down the Swastika to replace it with the red flag of Socialism or the purple flag of monarchy. We merely want a Democratic Germany.

Our hidden members are men of all beliefs—Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists, Protestants and Catholics.

With us anti-Nazis who had never before been able to organise an opposition found a fighting ground.

They include old civil servants who saw the traditional integrity of their office replaced by graft; clergymen who watched the destruction of Germany's religious life and the encouragement of the vilest pagan immorality; business men whose organisations were turned into the tools of insane Nazi financial jugglery; workmen who saw their homes violated, and their children torn from them to be turned into ignorant fanatics.

Our method of organisation is the cell system.

At the head is a small group of founders labelled A. Each member has contact with six B groups. The members of the B cells know only their A man. They do not know any of the other Bs outside their own group.

EACH member of the B group is in touch with four, five or six C groups, and so on, growing outwards all the time to D, E, F groups.

Our people moved quietly about, sound-ing men and women on their views, drawing them together in groups. Each new recruit is carefully tested as to the sincerity of his anti-Nazi sentiments. He is then informed of our aims, asked whether he would like to join and contribute his ideas and strength.

Germans abroad helped us to run our illegal postal system for the distribution of banned news.

Pools Notes by "Poolex"

MY simple plan for a 24-column entry in the "Unity" penny points pool involves choosing six bankers, not so hard to find these days, and marking the other eight games with special permutations (given below).

After studying the experts' forecasts for each of the games on the penny pool list, pick out five games expected to be home wins.

Out of these, choose three home bankers and mark your three choices as "1's" on your coupon. There are nearly always three home wins among these five games, and the chances of choosing them correctly are about four to one against.

Assuming your choices are correct, x's or 2's are likely in the other two games. These should, therefore, be covered by an x-2 permutation. Mark one game with eight x's, followed by sixteen 2's. Mark the other game with eight 2's, eight x's and eight 2's.

This disposes of five matches. Referring to the experts again, choose five games most favoured as away wins.

Select three away bankers from these and mark them as 2's on your coupon.

The two games that you do not take as bankers must be permuted. Mark one game with 2 x 1 x (repeated six times) and the other with x 2 x 1 (also repeated six times).

You will now have ten games marked on your list. The four remaining will be those about which expert opinion is divided, and are the hardest to forecast.

To cover them I have designed the following point-saving permutation to complete your entry:—

A. 2 1 x 2 x 2 x 1 x 2 2
B. 2 1 2 2 x x 2 2 1 2 2 x
C. x x 2 2 2 1 2 2 x 2 x 1
D. x 2 2 x 2 1 x 2 2 2 x 1
A. 2 2 x 1 x 2 1 x 2 x 2 2
B. x 2 x 1 2 2 1 x 2 x x 2
C. 1 2 2 2 x x 2 2 2 1 x
D. 1 x 2 2 2 x 2 2 x 2 1 x

For an outlay of only 2s., this plan gives a reasonable chance of a dividend. Don't be afraid of trying to choose six bankers. Forecasting is considerably easier than it used to be in the pre-war pools.

Not day-after-day— but 'ONE-DAY' is enough to **BANISH CONSTIPATION**

Don't become a slave to daily dosing. Take Feen-a-mint and banish constipation the modern safe way. Millions of people who took harsh drugs and laxatives every day have changed to Feen-a-mint, the occasional, natural laxative. They find it puts them right first time—tunes up the system at once to normal regularity.

But that's not all: Feen-a-mint is simple and pleasant to take—kiddies love it—and it has no unpleasant after-effects. It's like magic, the way you feel fit so soon after taking Feen-a-mint. Headaches and stomach troubles disappear. Your eyes sparkle and you feel full of vitality. Your complexion clears and you feel years younger. It all happens so quickly. Don't delay trying Feen-a-mint. Get a package today! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/- Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of E. J. Phelps' preparation of Magnesia.

Sciatica

PAIN fades out as SLOANS soaks in

Sciatica can quickly develop into a crippling affliction which has put many a man over forty permanently out of work. If you have a nagging pain like neuralgia down the back of your legs, stop it at once. Sloans Liniment will do it. Almost as soon as you apply Sloans you feel a soothing warmth. The pain gets easier and finally fades away. That is because Sloans stimulates the circulation which disperses congestion and so relieves the nerves. Use Sloans at night and enjoy restful sleep.

**Here's the Pain
Where's the SLOANS?**

For 50 years Sloans has been famed for its power to KILL PAIN. Apply Sloans just where you feel the pain for quick relief from RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, CRAMP, CHEST COLDS, MUSCULAR AND NERVE PAINS

Get a bottle of Sloans Liniment today. Sold by all Chemists 1/9 per bottle.

SLOANS KILLS
Liniment PAIN

2 D STOPS COLD'S CHILLS 'FLU

Even though you have a heavy cold, a shivery chill or a feverish attack of 'flu—you can get relief for 2d! Wonderful relief! Eyes and nose stop running—the shivery feeling vanishes—the headache goes—the feverishness is put to flight. The relief which Beechams Powders bring is worth more than gold, yet they cost only 2d EACH!

Carton of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Sold Everywhere. Not Laxative. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS



**ACT
LIKE MAGIC**

Due to their special powder form, Beechams Powders are both quicker acting and MORE CERTAIN in results! You can take them in a little water, or a drop of milk, the result is the same. Why wait till that cold gets a hold? Stop it NOW—for 2d.

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be really cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.10, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

GUARD CHILD AGAINST 'FLU' COLDS

Get your child's bowels acting regularly and colds will be rare. But beware of strong opening medicines which strain the tiny bowels and leave them worse bound than ever. For safety's sake give 'California Syrup of Figs.' It breaks up a cold quicker than anything else because it removes all the poisonous constipated waste in which cold germs multiply by millions.

How children love its delicious flavour! See their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle for their weekly dose. And see how free they keep from colds and coughs. Get a bottle of this ideal laxative to-day. Be sure it is 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—

'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

**FOR HOARSENESS
GO SUCK A
ZUBE**

4" and 7" in flat tins

There's nothing better than—
BRYLCREEM
for DRY HAIR

BRYLCREEM—THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., North Circular Rd., West Tuford, N.W.10.

IN HANDY JARS,
BOTTLES & TUBES **1/-**

Larger bottles, 1/6, 1/3, 2/6



regd
7051

Voice of the People

HAVING committed a minor offence with the British Army in France, my brother-in-law has been ordered 28 days' detention.

The authorities have, therefore, punished his wife and baby by deducting 14s. a week from her allowance for a month.

The hard struggle has been intensified for the wife.

The child has to go without the necessities that a fatherly Ministry of Health says every baby should have to keep healthy. And the soldier has a heavy heart.—Miss M. C., Falconar Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

We know it happens. We know some of the unutterable misery it causes. Army reform has gone a long way in the last few months, but not far enough.

No Black-Out Grumble

PEOPLE grumble about "black-out" their houses, but my domestic "black-out" will go on for years after the war has ended.

My husband has fitted every window with shutters on Continental lines. By a system of overlapping slats air can get through, light cannot.

Closed during the heat of a summer day, these shutters will keep the house cool. Closed during a winter's night, they keep it warm and dry.

Our forefathers were not such fools as we think when they fitted shutters.—C. A. L., Epsom Downs.

Dummy shutters are fitted to many suburban houses to give a picturesque effect. They don't shut!

★ **THIS IS YOUR PAGE!** It is a weekly opportunity for you to tell the world your opinions, ask for advice about all manner of problems, whether connected with the Services or civilian life, and air your grouses. "John Bull" pays 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use a photograph you have taken to illustrate a letter. WRITE TO "JOHN BULL"

Work this Out

READING in JOHN BULL about the many persons engaged deciphering codes, I wondered whether I hadn't hit on an idea for a code that would be beyond the power of the most skilful. Let sender and receiver each have a book of the same edition, a dictionary for preference.

The message will consist of page numbers, line numbers and the number of words in each line.

If anybody can beat that he is not an expert. He is a magician.—A. J. Owen, Beachcroft Road, Leytonstone.

Some such method was tried years ago. To make deciphering more difficult, the books were specially prepared, so that there could be no copy in enemy hands.

Mess Tin Tea!

IN three years of married life my husband never did a single domestic duty. Not that I wanted him to.

He always had to work hard enough at his job.

But, coming home on his first Army leave the other day, he surprised me by getting up first to bring me early morning tea.

There was a film of grease on top. It had a stewed flavour. It hadn't even mashed.

My husband confessed that he had placed a handful of tea in a dirty dish-

cloth, tied it in a ball, immersed the ball in water as it boiled in a saucepan, and had then scooped the concoction into the teapot with a ladle, damping the kitchen floor as he did so.

That's what they had taught him in the Army, and he seemed staggered to find there was another way.—Mrs. A. C., Uxbridge.

While travelling in France some of our soldiers tie tea-leaves in a handkerchief, drop it in their mess-tins, get the French drivers of trains to blow boiling water from an exhaust pipe into the tin, and then swear it tastes better for its content of rust.

Missing Politicians

NEWSPAPERS frequently declare that only a handful of Members of Parliament listen to many debates.

Such slackness is not fair.

They are receiving wages for an important job of work that they don't do. In any other profession or trade they would be sacked for neglect of duty.

They should be kicked out.—E. Nicholson, Howbury Street, Bedford.

Some Members neglect their duties shamefully, and "John Bull" would be glad to see the electors sack them. Yet it is unfair to judge an M.P. by his attendances in the House. There are lazy Members who do nothing more

A Sun Shade?

● "I know that no indication of prevailing weather conditions must appear in print," writes W. R. F., of Cambridge, who took this picture at Long Stanton All Saints, Cambridgeshire, "but we can at least let Hitler's boy friends assume that this is how the English countryman protects his primitive water supply against the tropical sunshine of winter."

than loll back listening to debates while others are slaving, out of the limelight, in committee. The hardest work an M.P. can do is behind the scenes.

Stop this Wangling

AS a commercial traveller, I am often asked shrewdly before being given an order, "You go into plenty of shops. Do you think you can scrounge me some butter?"

Some commercial travellers keep their eyes open for rationed foods to get orders in this way. Shopkeepers to whom they sell it pass it on to customers in the hope of future favours.

It is the family with little to spend that suffers.—D. N. C., Nottingham.

Stop this wangle, too! Customer: "Tin of curry, please." Shopkeeper: "Take the large size and you can have half a pound of butter." For it is the family with little to spend that suffers yet again.

7 YEARS OF OTHER TREATMENTS BUT

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

CURED HER!



Another Amazing Case

Germolene skin healing magic triumphs again! This poor young lady had spent 7 years in a vain search for relief from her skin trouble. She tried Germolene in despair, but—just as it has done for thousands of other sufferers—Germolene worked wonders! Read her mother's letter.

"I feel I must write to you. For the past seven years my daughter Joan has been an outpatient at a local Skin hospital but without any satisfactory benefit. In despair we decided to try GERMOLENE and I must tell you it worked wonders. She is better now than she has ever been! I want to thank you but I cannot find words enough to say how good GERMOLENE is. You can use this letter as you wish. Yours truly, Mrs. B."

GERMOLENE HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS CHILBLAINS CHAPS ABSCESSSES ULCERS, etc.

Get your Tin of Germolene to-day. Sold Everywhere.

6° 1/3 3/- & 12/- Per Tin

PILES Try the wonderful new internal treatment, GERMOLONE brand. Price 1/3 per box from all chemists.

In Your Garden

HUNGRY "PIE-PLANT"

HOME-GROWN rhubarb—the Americans call it "pie-plant"—is a godsend to the busy housewife in search of "something for a sweet." It is a plant that does not occupy much space, yet it is the easiest of all garden crops to manage.

Because of its acid leaves, it is rarely attacked by any form of pest.

Established roots of rhubarb should now be overhauled. Rid the soil of weeds, taking care not to damage the crowns, and then spread about four inches of strawy manure over the surface about the roots.

Roots can be forced into early growth by placing a wooden box or large flower pot over them. These covers should be buried in a foot of fresh strawy manure or leaves. Succulent stems will be ready for collecting in a few weeks.

If a rhubarb bed is overcrowded, now is the time to lift old roots and remake the bed.

The new bed should be in a different part of the garden, and the crowns can be split up with a sharp spade, taking care that a large crown is attached to each portion.

Rhubarb is a gross feeder and new beds should be deeply dug, so that the subsoil is really well broken. Work decayed manure or material from the compost pit into the soil, for at least a foot in depth.

You cannot make a rhubarb bed too rich.

Roots should be planted three feet apart.

Half a dozen roots are usually sufficient, but you would need a dozen if it is intended to make rhubarb jam.

They should be planted at one end of the allotment or in an odd corner of the garden where they can remain undisturbed.

There are several varieties. Champagne has rich colour; Victoria is a dependable kind to raise from seeds.

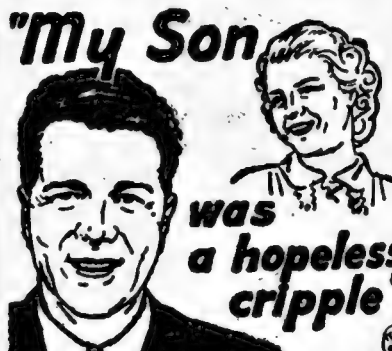
There is also a perpetual form easily raised from seeds and giving excellent quality sticks in six months.

As soon as favourable weather and soil conditions are available, gardeners should set about sowing seeds thinly in the richest soil on their land.

When seedlings are large enough to handle they are thinned out to six inches apart in the row.

By Richard Sudell

"My Son



was a hopeless cripple"

RHEUMATISM

"My son was given up as incurable, described as a hopeless cripple. Now he is the picture of health, and a well-known Rugby football player."

Mrs. J. P.'s son writes:—"I have recommended De Witts Pills for years for the benefit I have received after being given up as incurable."

To end rheumatism you must strengthen the kidneys and enable them to clear the system of poisons and impurities. Because De Witts Pills act directly on the kidneys you have proof, within 24 hours, they have reached the kidneys. Speedy relief from pain is followed by increasing benefit as De Witts Pills free your system of rheumatism poisons.

DEWITT'S PILLS

end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 8/-



SOUND SECURITY

More important than ever today is the significance of the name Player to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged

MEDIUM
OR MILD
PLAIN OR
CORK TIPS
10 1/2 7
20 1/2 11



Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

NCC316A

SHAVEX

**IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES
NO SOAP—NO BRUSH—NO LATHER**

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but, if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush, and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved, and your face will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.



Millions all over the World are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- and 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

**CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY
AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME**

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. Tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL Costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.



1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Here's what I promised you. The secret that keeps my skin smooth and lovely amidst smoke, grime and all weathers... ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "Oh, thank you, dear, what an exquisite lavender perfume it has, and what a beautiful lather it makes even in this hard water."

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Yes, and the expensive Almond Oil in it is a real beauty treatment. Yet Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap costs only 6d. and is ten times better than those cheap 3d. tablets of soap."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "I'm going to get a good supply right away."

WIN JOHN BULL'S
**MONSTER
PENSION
PRIZE!**



**£4 WEEKLY
for LIFE**

£150 INCREASED
Cash BETWEEN
RUNNERS-UP

£100 in SURREY FOWLS
AND CASH-BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHOSE ENTRY WAS
ONE OF 4 OR MORE SQUARES OR TIME-SAVE COLUMNS



**ONE
WEEK
ONLY**

THIS GIANT OFFER to celebrate "John Bull's" 11th Crossword Birthday brings you a **ONE-WEEK** opportunity of winning the finest Crossword Prize before the public to-day—no less a reward than a **PENSION of £4 WEEKLY for LIFE!**

Get busy now on your Squares—you have **ONE WEEK ONLY** to win, so there is not a moment to lose!

ACROSS CLUES.

- Getting this for plant may not involve much expense
- Big one is usually suitable for carrying ballast
- Mother may possibly be really worried when the children do this
- Boys sent away to school are often this when they return
- Small venomous serpents
- Experienced cross-country runner is certainly unlikely to be this
- Smart milliner can usually make this when good customer wants something really original
- Motor vehicle
- Is often made of steel nowadays
- It's hard to identify this in shadow
- One is frequently fitted in kind of pit

DOWN CLUES.

- Painter should be specially careful, working on this
- Little devil
- One for roller bearing may be small or large according to type you want
- There's sometimes a crash when they fall
- It's usually simple matter to put one on
- Good conductor will often know
- It frequently happens that firemen have a real job to save this
- Having one may make a boring job much less tedious
- Collars go round these
- It's not a very good one if it leaves you feeling depressed
- Good carpenter can fairly easily make, if needed quickly
- Many people would rather do this than give a friend away

FREE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN £300

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bull's coupon **ABSOLUTELY FREE** for Big Cash Offer, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 39.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 189th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

Apply at once by postcard to "John Bull" if you need extra squares for this week's Giant Offer.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors thereusing words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, February 29. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

PENSION AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT!

RESULT OF CROSSWORD No. 186.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 186, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrant who indicated the most meritorious set of Answers for the puzzle (see on right) was the following competitor:

**J. SHEPHERD,
19, DAVID STREET, ROCHDALE.**

This competitor will receive 50s. weekly for Life and £100 Cash, or a lump sum of £500 Cash.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 19 competitors from whom we received entire inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entry received. These winners will each receive £5 5s. 4d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" office, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 144 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. STAR. 2. STAR. 4. BOLTS. 5. FIRE. 11. DECK or DECK. 12. NEWS. 17. MARCH. 18. HALO. 19. RAY. 20. SLAM.
DOWN.—1. STOP. 2. ABLE. 3. STICK. 6. PAST. 7. COO. 9. RAY or RAY. 10. LOCK. 11. DENT. 12. SAIL. 14. FLAT. 15. HAN. 16. SOD.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.
Two blank spaces indicate that at these points DECK or DECK and RAY or RAY were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a **FREE** and **POST-FREE** copy of the new war time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 189, as well as extra squares with **FREE PRIVILEGE** and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 189, "John Bull," 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

READ THESE RULES

- Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted; two squares allowed **FREE** with each six paid. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear **POST-MARK** of not later than Saturday, February 17, 1940.
- No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square

alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL, on sale Thursday, February 29. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 189. Closing Postmark **SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17.**



YOUR FREE If these squares and those published in the "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement are entered together, entry-fee of only 1s. 6d. need be enclosed, thus allowing **TWO PRIVILEGE SQUARES FREE**. Normal entry-fee payable if this Entry Form is not so accompanied.



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

Name

Address

REMEMBER ALSO TO

ADD YOUR NAME

& ADDRESS

TO LABEL

P.O. Value..... No.

FOR 1 SQUARE Army stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES Army stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES Army stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES Army stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bull's" Coupon FREE).

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

21.

ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS

Let former sufferers be **YOUR** guide — read what they say:—



Always carries a tin of Potter's. "I have been a sufferer from Asthma all my life. I carry a small tin of Potter's Asthma Cure in my pocket. It has never failed to relieve me in a few minutes."—N. B.

Overcome all fears of Asthma. "Having suffered terribly from Asthma for many years I was greatly surprised at the relief given by Potter's Asthma Cure. Since trying it, I can honestly say that I have overcome all fears that are associated with Asthma."—A. P.

Like a new lease of life. "For many years now I have been a sufferer from Asthma and Bronchitis, and have tried several so-called remedies but nothing has given me such great relief as Potter's Asthma Cure, a little of which is like a new lease of life."—W. B.

Gives me instant relief. "I have suffered for years with Asthma and have tried all sorts of advertised remedies, but I find your mixture excellent for giving me instant relief. Also your cigarettes are very good for Hay Fever and colds in the head."—P. O.

The originals of these unsolicited testimonials can be seen at any time.

Potter's gives you **INSTANT** relief.

Your case, however stubborn, need be no exception. Prove for yourself that you also can obtain the same relief given to these unfortunate victims. Go to your chemist and get a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure. Potter's is equally beneficial for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough and all children's chest and lung troubles. Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6 or direct, post free 1/9.

Every sufferer should learn more about the cause and treatment of Asthma, etc., by filling in the coupon below for a copy of the new edition of our valuable FREE BOOKLET "Are you Asthmatic?"

Outdoor Workers Does Asthma or Bronchitis keep you away from your work? Do you suffer from continuous colds and coughs in winter or hay fever in summer? Then smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes or Smoking Mixture. They are the surest way of getting immediate relief from these dreaded complaints. Obtainable everywhere.

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.C. Please send me, post free, a copy of your booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Name _____ Address _____ John Bull

DOGE CREAM

THE MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER
With Its Most Glorious Perfume

Every girl who is doing National Service and will be in the open must protect her skin. The elements play havoc with anything so delicate as the skin of the face, and there is no cream that can keep the skin in such a perfect condition and so beautiful as DOGE.

However sallow or patchy the complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream. It does not dry up the skin, but keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams, remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, which is the most expensive oil one can use in a face cream, and does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin as smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe and has a beautiful perfume that lingers on the face until it is washed away.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.



RESTORE BEAUTY WHILE YOU SLEEP

To take away wrinkles keep a layer of DOGE Cream under the eyes while you are resting, and smear lightly over the rest of the face. Every girl should look her best and keep fresh and well and her complexion beautiful while doing National Service. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect helpmate to Doge Cream.

IN TUBES 6d. & 9d.
IN POTS 1/- & 2/-
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

ZEE-KOL

THE ONLY OINTMENT FOR A.R.P.

HEALS EVERY SKIN DISEASE—
MANY IN A NIGHT

WE HAVE FOUR SACKS FULL OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

Many may promise a wonderful remedy, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin Healer of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. Zee-Kol kills all germs that enter the skin—that is why it heals the moment it touches the skin. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol heals in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Chilblains, Leg Trouble, Severe Burns, etc.

6d., 1/3 and 3/-

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
40, Blenheim Rd., London, N.19.

FOR ALL BRITISH FORCES.

ZEE-KOL is splendid when one is on the march. At any time, rub in between the toes and all round the feet. They will keep in perfect condition and your feet will not get tired. If there are any corns Zee-Kol will take them away. There is nothing in the world that can keep the feet in such splendid condition as Zee-Kol Ointment. Aches and pains vanish, and it is wonderful for stiff joints. Pimples and Eczema vanish in a night.



FOR
YOUR
THROAT



Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY, 6d. & 1/4

Tired feeling?
BEWARE OF
CONSTIPATION

BROOKLAX

CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE
Banishes
CONSTIPATION
Overnight
It is British!
2d 6d 1/3
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

For 'Active' Service!

WHAT
A
"JOHN
BULL"
READER says

Cash
the
Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON"

This Coupon with P.O. for 5/6 plus 5d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-steel fountain pen with 14-CARAT GOLD nib, medium tip, and pocket clip. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any date) may be used and will be accepted in part payment, may be used and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 5d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 5/6 plus 5d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA, incl. Clip. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 124-125, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.2.

"The Pen I am writing to you with now is one I bought from you nineteen years ago."
E. T. Gooder,
Newton Abbot, Devon.

HOW TO Rub Away RHEUMATISM

By a Lady Who
Feared She would be
a Cripple for Life

"Last year I had Rheumatism in my right knee so severely that my right leg became shorter than my left. I could not stretch it out, walked with difficulty and with a decided limp.

"I was advised to try Elliman's Embrocation, and the result was marvellous. I bathed my knee first in very hot water, then rubbed in the Embrocation, and after a few days I walked as well as ever I did.

"You are perfectly welcome to use my letter, for it was such a relief to me to get well so quickly when I feared I should be a cripple for the remainder of my life that it might encourage others to try Elliman's, and I think we should all help one another where we can."

A. H. ANERLEY.

This lady tried Elliman's on another's advice and the result was marvellous. Why not try it yourself on her advice if you are a sufferer from Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Chest Colds, etc.

DISCHARGED FROM HOSPITAL AS INCURABLE

"After being in hospital six months with Rheumatic Fever I was discharged two months ago as incurable, suffering with Rheumatic Gout in practically every joint. I was unable to walk, and through the pain, unable to sleep.

After a month only of using Elliman's Embrocation I am walking fairly well and sleeping better than I have done for months. I am convinced that continued use of your Embrocation will eventually cure me of this complaint."

W. V. HATTON, East Ham.

UNABLE TO WALK FOR WEEKS

Quite recently your Embrocation has enabled me to walk about free from pain after not being able to walk about for weeks.

I gaze at one of your bottles several times a day with gladness in my heart. I have been under the doctor and, strange to say, I recommended it to him when he was anxious to know what I had been doing to myself, and it quite pleased him.

Mrs. E. Strange, Tidworth.



**Rub IN
ELLIMAN'S
Rub OUT
PAIN**

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATIONS

For Human Use 1/3, Medium Size 2/- Large 4/-
Royal (for Animals) Medium Size 1/6 Large 2/6

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Elliman Sons & Co., Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

NOT AFFECTED BY WAR!
For Value under all conditions—organize Sixt Club! Amazing value in clothing and household goods at low prices. Every club complete in six weeks. Only six members required. Satisfaction guaranteed.
MEMBERSHIP Run a Club in Your Own Family!
COMMISSION Commission Every Six Weeks!
Send P.C. NOW for Big Free Catalogue to Dept. B.444
SIXT CLUB LTD., 2, Grosvenor St., Manchester.



ACTOR (Hammer-smith).—"You should have seen how the audience wept when I died in the last act. Could you blame them when they knew you were only acting?"

F. S. M. (Loud-water).—"I believe in visiting the local inns. It keeps money on the move." You play shove ha'penny?

C. N. (Devizes).—"What does any man want with half a dozen decent suits in war time?" Six coat-hangers.

L. D. (Cardiff).—"The doctor informed me rather cockily that, thanks to him, I was another man." Then tell him to send the bill to the other fellow.

L. Y. (Salford).—"With one bullet from my rifle in the last war, I was instrumental in saving the lives of most of my company." You shot the cook?

E. M. (Kettering).—"I wonder what nudists did during the recent Arctic spell?" Probably slipped on something like the rest of us.

W. B. V. (Rochester).—"By a strange coincidence she is marrying a violinist and I am marrying a trombonist." You prefer the man with the brass.

D. M. (Framwell).—"I have definitely that a peppermint eaten after a big meal is the very best thing for a queasy stomach." That settles it.

MISS F. (Worthing).—"I've seen a lot of suffering on the faces of men in the Army." Are you a member of a concert party which has been entertaining them?

G. A. (Sidcup).—"My daughter and her young man are going to be married. As they first met a fortnight ago, they hardly know each other." That's why they are going to be married.

C. W. (Acton).—"My neighbour had planned to pass the railway station barrier with an out-of-date ticket, but at the sight of the collector his nerve failed." He couldn't go through with it.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"His insurance on a precious car was transferred."

THE LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"The Finns have blown up the wines."

ISLE OF MAN WEEKLY TIMES:—"... and for FRAGRANTLY misleading the members of the Town Board."

DUBLIN EVENING HERALD:—"The BRIDE of Saint Louis, linking the island of Saint Louis to Isle de la Cite in Paris, collapsed..."

GRIMSBY TELEGRAPH:—"... but some of them had been members of the Council for more than 20 minutes and did not get the jobs..."

EDMONTON BULLETIN (CANADA):—"A FEAR of the realm who is now a private in the B.E.F. described for me to-day his new life as a gunner..."

MORECAMBE AND HEYSHAM VISITOR:—"After the concert, the ladies served supper, which consisted of steak pie and boiled potatoes, MICK pies, Christmas cakes..."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"We have had a black-out inquest every day this week and we have another one to-morrow," said Mr. C. B., assistant deputy coroner, at an inquest...

THE LAST LAUGH

E. L. (Saxby).—"A boxer's life is full of triumphs and reverses." O.K. one minute—K.O. the next.

BACHELOR GIRL (Ripon).—"I find it difficult to keep my evening frocks." Can't you let out the hems or something?

T. N. (Sutton).—"Untearable paper has been produced." Useful for treaties but no good for theatrical snowstorms.

Miss E. (Sandbach).—"When I broke it to him that I could not marry him after all, he went out and drowned his sorrow in drink." Or was he celebrating?

A. T. (Wareham).—"Now that butter is rationed, my wife insists that she must put it on herself." Then there won't be much left for your bread.

J. McW. (Edinburgh).—"I thought of a bright idea when a nervous passenger in my compartment pulled the communication cord and thought he would be fined £5." You offered to have a fit for £3?

F. K. J. (Hexham).—"What do you think a genuine pedigree fox terrier would fetch nowadays?" A walking stick, perhaps.

F. M. (Hallifax).—"If I sow a row of peas in my garden this week when should they come up?" Great Scot! How should we know how fast the cats in your locality wait?

N. M. (Tidworth).—"Butter is rationed, but I think that cheese ought to be controlled too." Well, we never take our pet gorgonzola out unless it is on a strong lead.

N. S. (Exeter).—"When the bull rushed at me, I looked around anxiously for some implement to defend myself with but could find none. So what do you think I took?" To your heels?

Mrs. L. (Cricklade).—"It is very difficult to weigh up half a pound of Easter sugar fairly, but I believe in my grocer and stand by him." While he weighs up the sugar?

SUSIE (Dumfries).—"There are worse presents a girl could send to her boy in France than an embroidered tobacco pouch." But wouldn't it be difficult to find them?

J. W. (Stratford).—"He couldn't stand, so I carried him on my back and landed him inside his front door. When a pal gets into that state, I know how to treat him." In that state you shouldn't treat him at all.

B. N. (Hallifax).—"My wife insisted that I should let her have at least £10 for her new Spring outfit, but I put my foot down. In the end, what do you think I gave?" Way.

PRATT OFFICER (H.M.S. —).—"Did you know that on the fifth of —, the destroyer — signalled to us to say that Lieut. — Commander —, of the cruiser —, had —?" No, but we did hear that he — while on the —.



THE
KID
By
LEES



A. J. (Filtwick).—"Every night I settle down contentedly by the fire with my old pipe and a pouch of tobacco by my side. What more could a man want?" A box of matches.

Mrs. G. (Fordham).—"I find that, by having a gramophone going in the kitchen, my cook produces much better meals." It must be nice to have jellies set to music.

W. N. (Hereford).—"I regret now having told the librarian that borrowers who make books dirty shouldn't be allowed to have them." Did he take you at your word?

P. G. (Bury).—"Every conscientious soldier who possesses a rifle spends much of his spare time cleaning and oiling the barrel." So much for the song that exhorts him to roll it out.

DAVID (Highgate).—"Although I am out of work and not at all handsome, I am in love with a beautiful heiress, and I hope to marry her. What should I do?" See a mental specialist.

I. R. (Windsor).—"My pal is a florist with two children who are as different as can be. One is full of promise as an artist and the other, unfortunately, is considerably short of brains." One's a budding genius and the other's a blooming idiot?

A. P. (Brixton).—"When walking in a black-out I prefer to shine my torch on myself." Are you an actor?

G. V. (Godstone).—"Do you think it possible to reform a man's character completely?" Yes, but it often takes time.

M. T. (Normanton).—"Who wouldn't feel proud to see the Nazi raiders being driven off by our magnificent fighters?" Goering.

PRIVATE (Hampshire).—"A foolish reply to the sergeant's questions only makes him angry." Yet they say a soft answer turneth away wrath!

"Bullets" Illustrated



In Dad's Uniform—Everybody else looks well!

One Week Only

to win these

Greatly Increased

THIS WAY TO A £300 SUCCESS!

ARE you amongst the *Bullets* entrants of the past who have yet to make an entry in war-time? If so, now is the moment to return to the finest hobby you could find for these long, black-out evenings.

Before you to-day is a greatly increased list of Cash Prizes waiting for good *Bullets*—in fact, in no other one-week Contest of to-day will you find as big a prize as £300 which must be won outright—and a specially augmented range of all-cash prizes supports this bumper First.

To make a *Bullet*, you have only to add any Two, Three or Four words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

Each of the winning *Bullets* in our 1,204th Result on this page is a reminder of how you could have scored, so read carefully through these simple yet telling examples which you could just as easily have written. Then get busy on the Examples below, remembering that provided your *Bullets* envelope is postmarked on or before Saturday, February 17, that bumper First Prize cheque for £300 may well be yours.

Bullets
CASH
PRIZES
BE QUICK!

SECOND PRIZE

£25

WINNER'S JOY
WIRE. FRI. MAR. 1

THIRD PRIZE

£10

5 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2.10

25 of 200

10 of 2000

OTHER PRIZES

N.B. Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 38, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword weekly.

'BULLETS' 1,204 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200 CASH

Plus Billiard Table or Radiogram

H. G. HINDLE, 12, Moor Terrace,
Killinghall Road, Undercliffe, .

Bradford.

Example: AFTER THE WAR

Bullet: PLANNING FOR ONE ANOTHER?

SECOND PRIZE, £20:

Mrs. L. HEAPEY, 28, Vincent Road, Norwich,
Norfolk.

Example: Our Padre

Bullet: Shares Mud—Prevents "Slipping."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

R. BRENNAN, 28, Burleigh Avenue, Wigston,
Leicester.

Example: Profiteer's Place

Bullet: "Overboard," With Other "Sharks"!

OTHER PRIZES:

£5: F. S. CUSICK, 5, West Road, Tottenham,
London, N.

Wandering Display—Of Unity, Dividing

£4: W. IRELAND, 164, Katherine Road, East

Ham London, E.

Bullet: Roughs It—Remains Gentle.

£3: G. S. M. MORGAN, 53, Vaughan Gardens,
Leamington, Warwick.

Bullet: The War—Slapping Backs—"Slipping

Back!"

Table Tennis Set accompanies each Cash Prize

from £5 to £20.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

Mrs. H. ALLEN, 9, Croome Drive, West Kirby,
Cheshire.

Bullet: Ship—Hitlerism—But Armed, Remem-

ber!

£3: PALA, 28, Dornton Road, Balham, London,
S.W.

Bullet: The War—England Home And—Bureau?

£2: BONAR, 69, Foyle Road, Londonderry, N.

Ireland.

Bullet: Assistant—You—Why Buy There?

£2: ROYD, 21, Gould Street, Ayr, Ayrshire.

Bullet: Tyranny—Rouses Fear—And Fear-

less.

(*Entered on Prize coupon.)

F. G. HIGMES, 66, Millthorpe Road, Horsham,
Sussex.

Bullet: Come A Brass Hat And—Sentry's

Challenge Warned Camp!

£2: NEWTON, 14, Stanley Road, Hartshill, Stoke-

on Trent.

Bullet: For Fritz—Arm Encircled Wife's

Waist!

£2: ROWE, 162, Ada Road, Smethwick.

Bullet: Epitaph—"This One's On Me!"

£2: STADDON, 5, Chiltern Road, Wendover,
Bucks.

Bullet: The War—New "Fields"? Old

Fitz?

£2: SUTTON, 137, Clarence Road, Peter-

borough.

Bullet: Display—Conjuror's Buffer From

Hurt!

£2: WHITE, 17, King's Road, Waltham Cross,
Herts.

Bullet: Padre—Human—Understands "Ordinary

People!"

Davis Set accompanies each £2 10s. Prize.

List of 25 winners of Shove Ha'penny Sets and

20 winners of Card Games Sets can be seen at

J.C.C. Office.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what,

in the opinion of the judges in consultation with

the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the

other prizes in order of merit, the test being

cleanness, aptness and originality. The

Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received

shall be carefully considered by a competent

panel of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts

may be written on each coupon and stamps

must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-USE STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

Extra entries on plain paper will be accepted at same rate of entry-fee.

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal

ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE
TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE
POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS"
BULLETIN, DATED MAR. 2, YOUR
FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

21

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

SPIRIT OF THE NATION
BURDEN OF WAR
IF WORDS WERE RATIONED
MAN ON THE SPOT
LOVE'S MAGIC
THE OLD FOLKS
RISKING THEIR LIVES
HAUGHTILY
HER WORST ENEMY
HE'S IN THE NAVY, SO
WEARY AND WORN
GIVE SONNY A CHANCE AND
SEEKING THE RED LIGHT
WON'T HELP
MARKING TIME
NEW JOB
SAID THE SERGEANT
WHEN WINSTON BROADCASTS
THE SURVIVORS
TRAGEDY OF THE BLACK-OUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with
any ONE additional word of your choice in the
position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will
find it easy to discover attractive and differing
"Examples" on which to build your "Bullets"
as instructed.

OF TO-MORROW
WORTH FOR
OPPORTUNITY'S
IF I WERE
TO BRITANNIA
FATHER WAS SO

directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable
to JOHN BULL, Cross & Co., write name and
address on back. Coupons must not be
mutilated. 2. The Editor's decision on any
matter of dispute arising in connection with
this competition must be accepted as final and
legally binding in all respects and acceptance
of this rule is an express condition of entry.
Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their
families are not eligible.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

"BULLETS"

No. 1,208

Closing postmark, SAT., FEB. 17.

NAME and ADDRESS on

both LABEL and COUPON

I agree to
enter in
accordance
with rules.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

ADD YOUR
NAME AND
ADDRESS TO
LABEL ALSO

FIRMLY
STICK
1d.
STAMP
HERE

FIRMLY
STICK
1d.
STAMP
HERE

FIRMLY
STICK
1d.
STAMP
HERE

FIRMLY
STICK
1d.
STAMP
HERE

Stick 1d. Stamps

here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-
FEE for each "Bullet" sub-
mitted. P.O. may be used if
preferred—if so, write its
number and value across
stamp space.

For one "Bullet" stick 1d. stamp to each space above.

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1d. stamp to each space above.

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

"BULLETS"

No. 1,208

Closing postmark

SAT., FEB. 17

I agree to
enter in
accordance
with rules.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

FIRMLY
STICK
1d.
STAMP
HERE

FIRMLY
STICK
1d.
STAMP
HERE

FIRMLY
STICK
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STAMP
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FIRMLY
STICK
1d.
STAMP
HERE

Stick 1d. Stamps

here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-
FEE for each "Bullet" sub-
mitted. P.O. may be used if
preferred—if so, write its
number and value across
stamp space.

For one "Bullet" stick 1d. stamp to each space above.

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1d. stamp to each space above.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid for (or
prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,208 or
X-Word No. 189 entry value 1s. or over,
all entered in same name and address,
entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

ADDRESS
ENTRY:

"BULLETS" No. 1,208,
"JOHN BULL,"
LONG AGRE,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, FEB. 17.

COULD SCARCELY EAT BREAD AND BUTTER

Life Ruined by Nerves and Indigestion

NOW—"Full of Energy and a Different Person"

*"I Would Rather go Without
a New Hat Than My
YEAST-VITE"*

Brand Tonic

Braintree.

Dear Sirs,

I feel it my duty to write and thank you for the wonderful value of Yeast-Vite Tablets, which I cannot speak too highly of.

I have been treated for years for nerves and indigestion and have spent pounds on medicine, also tried almost every tablet and medicine advertised, but find Yeast-Vite wonderful. I have had the tablets now for over a year and find I am better in every way, can eat anything, whereas before I could scarcely eat bread and butter. I have put on weight and feel full of energy and like a different person.

For 'Flu colds they are marvellous, both for myself and my daughter aged 12 years. Whenever we feel a 'Flu cold coming we fly to Yeast-Vite, and for bus and train sickness I have also proved their value.

I have recommended them to

- at least twelve people who would not be without them for worlds;
- also my friend for heartburn in expectant mothers and now she would not be without a bottle in the house;
- also a friend who is a lady dispenser in town, and she has come in to tell me what wonderful results she has had.

And so we pass on the wonderful value of your Tablets. I am quite confident I would rather go without a new hat than my Yeast-Vite.

Yours, Mrs. N. G.

HEADACHE LASTED 3 DAYS AND NIGHTS

Worcester.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it is only fair to let you know the benefit I have derived since taking your Yeast-Vite Tablets. I am 50 years of age and used to get such awful headaches that the pain kept me awake at nights. They generally lasted 3 days and nights. I suddenly remembered one day how a friend of mine quite 6 years ago told me how his mother had benefited by them, and you can imagine my relief when I tried them and found such amazing results. The headaches are very much less frequent, and I always order Yeast-Vite in my weekly shopping and recommend them to all my friends that are going through the same time of life as myself.

Yours, etc., Mrs. H.

*"I Should Like
Other People to
Feel as I Do"*

Sheffield, 7.

Dear Sirs,—After reading about your advert re Yeast-Vite I thought I would try a bottle. I have felt ill for some time but I am so delighted with the result I felt I must write and tell you. I have had 2 small bottles and the result is wonderful. I can hardly believe I am the same person. I have told lots of my friends and they think the same as I do about them.

Should you care to use this letter I shall be very pleased, because I should like other people to feel the same as I do.

Yours very sincerely, Mrs. N.

Norwich.

Dear Sirs,—Once again I am writing to tell you I think your Yeast-Vite Tablets are wonderful; I had a bad attack of Neuritis and could hardly use my arm, but glad to say after taking 4 bottles of your Tablets it is quite gone. I am always telling my friends to try Yeast-Vite; they take away depression and pain.

Yours gratefully, Mrs. G.

HYSTERIA, NERVES AND INSOMNIA

Leeds.

Dear Sirs,—Previous to the birth of my first child I was a constant sufferer from Hysteria, Nerves, Insomnia and many other disorders.

After the trial of many remedies a friend recommended Yeast-Vite Tablets. The result after the first dose was most effective; at the end of the first day the soothing was like magic to my over-tired nerves. That night I enjoyed my first unbroken and restful sleep for many weeks. The following day my whole body returned to its normal functions, and I felt better in every way.

I am looking forward to the birth of my second child in a short time, free from the anxieties attending the first, thanks entirely to Yeast-Vite Tablets, which I am now a constant user of, and can thoroughly recommend to all who suffer from loss of appetite, sleeplessness, indigestion, headaches, insomnia and hysteria.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. G. T.

Nurse's Breakdown

Ilford.

Dear Sirs,—After having been through the last Great War—on Foreign as well as Home Service—at the end I had a severe breakdown in health, which lasted for a long period. On being recommended to try "Yeast-Vite" Tablets, as a tonic, I found in a week or two that I was feeling to be gaining in strength, could sleep peacefully and my nerves ceased to trouble me.

I have taken them now constantly since the War, and have enjoyed good health, enabling me to still carry on my nursing profession. Whenever I can I recommend Yeast-Vite Tablets to patients as a continued tonic when they are convalescent from any serious illness.

Thanking you for my good health,
Yours faithfully, F. B.

(Nursing Sister.)

RAPID RESULTS

The secret of the immense success of Yeast-Vite lies, of course, in the fact that it is an accurate scientific combination of PURE MEDICINAL YEAST (*Saccharomyces Cerevisiae*), especially rich in Vitamin B, and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

Yeast-Vite is the record QUICK Tonic—there is no waiting days or even hours for benefit. Often in A FEW MINUTES you can feel the change. Pain dies away!! Weakness is changed to strength!! Depression is defeated!! Listlessness disappears. Life becomes happy, joyous, worth living!! PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF!!

Completely RUN-DOWN, Suffered from INSOMNIA and Continual COLDS

Dear Sirs,

Ireland.

I take great pleasure in writing to you on behalf of your excellent tonic. Some time ago I felt completely run-down, suffered from insomnia and continuous colds, so I started taking a course of Yeast-Vite and I can truthfully say the effect was marvellous. I feel a different person altogether. I shall strongly recommend them to all my patients in future.

Yours sincerely,

M. M. E. (S.R.N.), (S.C.M.).

Amersham.

Dear Sirs,—I have been taking your Yeast-Vite Tablets now for a long time and I must say that having suffered for years from stomach trouble I find great relief after taking your Tablets and have never felt so well for years.

I shall always recommend your Tablets to anyone that suffers, as I think they are very good.

I remain, yours, J. H.

Accept This Offer!

This is unquestionably the most honest, straightforward and fair dealing offer ever made to the British public. For your health's sake accept it to-day. If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question. YEAST-VITE brand tablets are sold everywhere at 6d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-